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IRELAND.

**T**HE firmness and decision shown by Mr. Justice LAWSON in dealing with Mr. GRAY, and the fact that for the first time since the beginning of the present agitation a murderer has been sentenced to receive his due, are the only encouraging features in the Irish situation, which has once more grown threatening. It was not wholly unexpected by those who have closely followed the course of events that the passing of the Arrears Bill would mark the beginning of a recrudescence of sedition and crime. While this great bribe was in process of negotiation, it was the interest of the disloyal party to be quiet, lest haply they might lose it. But as soon as it was secured that interest ceased. On the other hand, the coincidence of the first trials under the Prevention of Crimes Act, and of the almost openly seditious movement connected with the unveiling of the O'CONNELL statue, the opening of the Land League Exhibition, and the taking up by Messrs. PARNELL and DILLON of that freedom which the City of Dublin had voted them expressly as a challenge to the Government, gave opportunities of action which were not likely to be lost. The result has amply justified these anticipations. The murder of a policeman at Parsonstown under circumstances of almost unparalleled audacity, and of the clearest connivance on the part of bystanders, is only the most important of a new series of outrages which come pat to demonstrate the absurdity of Mr. GLADSTONE's and Mr. TREVELYAN's recent boasting. The trials under the Prevention of Crimes Act were accompanied by comments, from the only organ of the Irish party possessing claims to respectability, which are perhaps the most outrageous ever made on judicial proceedings by a journal with a character to lose. The just punishment which these comments brought down on the person responsible for them has been eagerly seized as the occasion of a fresh outburst of factions clamour. Finally the proceedings of the O'CONNELL celebration, and of the opening of the so-called National Exhibition, were one long and uninterrupted series of demonstrations of scarcely veiled disloyalty. Dublin was literally swathed in emblems which, if they mean anything, mean treason; and the repeal of the Union was the least political change to which the speakers aspired. As for the Exhibition, that project owes its existence to the refusal of certain persons to acquiesce in the opening of a really national exhibition by a son of the QUEEN, and its promoters rejected a march which had been commissioned because the composer wrought into it the National Anthem. It is the invariable tradition of the present generation of Irish agitators to meet each of Mr. GLADSTONE's messages of peace with a declaration of war. And they have not been false to that tradition. Reference was recently made to "the apparently inevitable catastrophe" which Mr. GLADSTONE's policy was hastening. No one who reads the speeches and considers the demonstrations of the early part of this week in Dublin can have much doubt of the nature of that catastrophe. It is civil war.

If all persons charged with administrative and executive duties in Ireland acted in the spirit of Mr. Justice LAWSON, the calamity might no doubt still be averted. The attitude of Mr. GLADSTONE towards this incident has been somewhat ambiguous, and, though it may have been prudent not to provoke a disturbance on the last day of the Session, it would have been more agreeable if the PRIME

MINISTER had somewhat more warmly defended the action of the Judge. But under present circumstances it may be doubted whether occasional displays of individual vigour and good sense, contrasted as they are with the "jam-and-judicious-advice" policy of the Government, do not do almost as much harm as good. They irritate the disloyal, whose irritation is doubtless of itself a desirable thing. But the constant concession in large matters which accompanies them, though it does not make the irritation less, deprives it of its salutary effect. Mr. GRAY's fate will serve the Irish members of Parliament, not as an excuse for disclaiming gratitude for the Arrears Bill—they did that with great candour beforehand—but for forgetting all about that measure. Alternately to squeeze concessions out of the Government, and to hold it up to hatred and contempt, is their policy, a policy unswervingly pursued, and, thanks to Mr. GLADSTONE, invariably crowned with success. To recur once more to the political demonstrations, it must be equally obvious to any one who considers them that concession is hopeless, and that, if the strong hand is used, it must be used steadily and without intermission. The spirit of Mr. Justice LAWSON's action on Wednesday is the right and the only spirit in which to govern Ireland, but the self-devotion and the judgment of those loyal servants of the QUEEN who act thus are useless if they do not animate the QUEEN's Government, and are not carried into every detail of administration. It may even be urged that it is hardly fair to allow men to play at sedition for weeks and months, and then suddenly to make a razzia upon one or two of the players who have done little or nothing more than others. It is said in the popular cant of the day that the conscience of England was dissatisfied with certain things in the political and social state of Ireland. So be it; the most sensitive conscience in the world must surely have pacified itself by this time. The demands of Irishmen, whether wisely or not, have been granted till they have nothing left to demand, except the dismemberment of the Empire and the dethronement of the Sovereign. These are the demands which the O'CONNELL demonstration and the National Exhibition respectively symbolize. The one is a demonstration against the Union; the other a demonstration against the QUEEN. No sophistry can disguise this, and only the most determined blindness can blink it. Benefits and concessions have been heaped and piled upon Ireland. England has robbed the Irish Church, the Irish landlords, and (last and crowning act of generosity) her own taxpayers, to flatter Irish sectarianism and gorge Irish greed. On the very morrow of the administration of the last sop, the glorifiers of O'CONNELL reply with a cry of "Down with the Union!" and the promoters of the National Exhibition with what is in effect a cry of "Down with the QUEEN!"

In face of these dangerous symptoms, and of the renewal of agrarian crime indicated by the Parsonstown murder, the vigorous execution of the Prevention of Crimes Act may apply at least a palliative. The ingenuous instructors of the public who triumphantly point out that the Dublin sentences have been obtained by juries' verdicts, forget to mention that the juries are special ones, and that the necessary challenges have brought about at least as bad a feeling in Ireland as could possibly have resulted from the unassisted action of judges. However, the chief and principal thing is that the ruffians whose cowardly crimes have been the powder to

Mr. PARNELL's bullets should meet their deserts, and for the first time there is now some chance of this. Administered fearlessly and on a large scale, the Act may check the apparently imminent outbreak, just as the Arrears Bill, when brought into operation, may soothe it down for a time. But these measures are avowedly and in their nature temporary, and the temper which Mr. GLADSTONE's policy of vacillation and concession has aroused is not. What that temper is has been abundantly made clear. The experience of some thousand years goes far to establish the existence in the Irish character of an inveterately anarchist spirit. Such a spirit is not in itself an odious thing, for it exists in children and in savages, neither of whom, if properly treated, are odious. But the proper treatment is necessary, and the treatment of Mr. GLADSTONE has been as consistently improper as that of any head-master who has ever brought about a school rebellion. Injudicious indulgence, combined with spasmodic and fitful severity, is the sure and certain means of exciting revolt in such a temperament as the Irish. The speeches and performances of this week show how near, if they only dared, the Irish malcontents are to revolt; and exhibit their aims and objects with a freedom and openness which it would not be easy to parallel from the experience of the past. It is not at all improbable that the singular audacity of these seditious utterances and displays was more immediately due to the ominous and lamentable incident of the Constabulary strike, as well as to the supposed weakening of England's hands by the Egyptian expedition. However this may be, Englishmen are forewarned; and it is their own fault if they repose in the comfortable delusion that Land Bills and Arrears Bills and Church disestablishments will check the progress of Irish sedition.

#### ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

THE diplomatic communications lately made by the English Government at Constantinople seem, as far as they are known, to have been judicious. Lord DUFFERIN, according to a credible report, stated to the Porte that the SULTAN's hesitation caused the despatch of English troops, which are now capable of suppressing the rebellion in Egypt. It followed that a Turkish contingent was no longer required; and that, if the SULTAN desired to be represented in the campaign by a force of his own, its numbers must be strictly limited, and its relations to the English army must be carefully defined. If communications of this kind result in the continuance for an indefinite time of the SULTAN's neutrality, they will have served their purpose. In a short time the English army will be ready for action, and it is not desirable that its movements should be hampered by the necessity of watching a doubtful ally. The SULTAN, on the other part, still apparently hopes to obtain the submission of ARABI without any actual conflict. The proclamation in which the insurgent chief was to be denounced as a rebel has by an odd accident or contrivance been published before it was officially issued. The object of the apparent irregularity was perhaps to invite criticism, which will not be altogether favourable. The argumentative character of the document produces a suspicious ambiguity. The reasons alleged for regarding ARABI as a rebel seem to be advanced for the purpose of being answered. The Turkish draft of a military convention was obviously inadmissible. Some months ago, when Turkish intervention was thought to be the least dangerous of possible arrangements, it was natural that the sovereignty of the SULTAN in Egypt should be even ostentatiously affirmed. The SULTAN would have been well advised in taking advantage of the urgency of England and of the unwilling acquiescence of France. As he preferred a policy of finesse, it is too late for him to resume the position which he might once have occupied with general consent.

Henceforth the English Government, if it is well advised, will lay stress on the chartered privileges of the KHEDIVÉ rather than on the vague supremacy of the SULTAN. There is no doubt that the dethronement of ISMAIL by an Imperial firman impaired in substance, if not in form, the validity of the treaties by which the Egyptian dynasty is guaranteed; but as the SULTAN interfered at the request of England and France, the covenants of 1840 were for the time suspended. The present KHEDIVÉ, though he partly owes his elevation to the favour of his Sovereign, has suc-

ceeded to the hereditary rights which were conferred on the founder of his family. DERVISH PASHA, during his late mission, before his connivance with ARABI was disclosed, affected to represent the SULTAN as the direct and sole ruler of Egypt. It is not improbable that ARABI may continue to describe himself as a Turkish subject, so that his avowed rebellion against the KHEDIVÉ may be regarded as a mere quarrel of subordinate officials. It is to restore the authority of TEWFIK, and not to establish the absolute power of the SULTAN, that the English army is now in Egypt. As both potentates profess the same creed, it is absurd to represent the war as a religious contest. TEWFIK is as orthodox a Mahometan as ABDUL HAMID; and ARABI has not the smallest claim to be considered as a religious or sectarian leader. The English Government seems at last to understand both its own rights and interests and its relation to the SULTAN, the KHEDIVÉ, and the people of Egypt. It is not a little surprising to find that the PRIME MINISTER is at last capable of making war in earnest. The tendency to self-deception, of which he is accused by severe critics, operates on the present occasion as a legitimate faculty of self-persuasion or self-justification. In his last speech on Egypt, Mr. GLADSTONE seemed to have convinced himself that, as in all his acts at home or abroad, he was engaged in a laudable and righteous enterprise. A less enthusiastic and less virtuous statesman would have taken for granted the lawfulness of a war which he might for sufficient reasons have undertaken; but personal peculiarities which incidentally promote the public good must not be harshly criticized.

The indirect proceedings of the SULTAN, including the encouragement offered to ARABI, have been frequently explained or excused by the antagonism which is supposed to exist between his secular and his spiritual attributes. European theorists assert that the Caliph is, in the estimation of his co-religionists, a greater personage than the Sultan; yet, according to the same authorities, the tenure of the spiritual rank is, after several centuries of possession, in the highest degree precarious. There is always supposed to be some actual or possible pretender ready to defend the national claims of the Arabs against the Ottoman Turks, and probably tracing his descent to the family of the PROPHET. The SULTAN seems occasionally to have apprehended some danger of the kind, for the late Sheriff of Mecca was mysteriously assassinated at a time when he was supposed to entertain ambitious hopes; but as long as the Ottoman Empire lasts, there is little doubt that its chief will be recognized as head of the Mahometan community. His predecessors had no plausible right to the Caliphate, except as the most powerful Mussulman sovereigns, and as the natural protectors of the Holy Places. MEHEMET ALI, if he had been allowed by the European Powers to establish himself at Constantinople, might probably have succeeded to all the rights and titles of the dynasty which he would have dethroned. An upstart Arab Sheikh would be as incapable of contending against the SULTAN as an Old Catholic prelate of disputing the supremacy of the POPE. The religious scruples which are attributed to the present COMMANDER of the FAITHFUL are probably mere excuses for declining unpalatable tasks. It is easy to understand that a mere adventurer like ARABI may be tolerated as a less serious rival than a great hereditary vassal. Conscientious objections to interference with either the insurgent chief or the KHEDIVÉ would not be consistent with Turkish tradition.

It is only since the first quarter of the current century that rebellions against the central authority in the Turkish Empire have become exceptional and rare. Though the power of the early rulers of Constantinople was supreme, ambitious satraps in later times began, as in other Oriental monarchies, to struggle for independence. ALI PASHA of Janina for some years defied the Sultan with impunity; and the Mamelukes, before they were destroyed by MEHEMET ALI, had long been the undisputed rulers of Egypt. The Sultan contended, as his resources allowed, against rebellious feudatories; and, except in Egypt, he finally succeeded; but it was never supposed that, in fighting against believers, he in any way compromised his orthodoxy. If a Pasha who had achieved partial independence was himself in turn attacked by a provincial insurgent, the Sultan consulted his own interest and convenience in taking the part of either rival. The sovereignty of the Porte in Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli was in the early part of the present century almost entirely nominal, and, as far as it prevailed,

it had no religious character. Even the periodical wars with Russia which gradually reduced the territory and power of Turkey were at first almost as exclusively political as the struggles between England and France. It is only in recent times that Jehads or religious wars have been talked about, and they have never been proclaimed. It is remarkable that, while the Russian invader generally professed religious sympathy with the Christian inhabitants of Turkey, the Porte seldom or never appealed to Mahometan enthusiasm. In late years ethnological pretexts have been preferred by ambitious potentates to religious excuses for conquest. The agitation in Syria is said to be directed rather to the emancipation of the Arabs from Turkish sovereignty than to any religious object. It is possible that the SULTAN may profit for his own purposes by the doctrines of speculative European politicians. Religious zeal will equally account for any support which he may afford to ARABI or for condemnation of the insurgent who has presumed to consult ecclesiastical augurs on the rightfulness of rebellion. English Ministers and diplomatists by this time understand the motives of the SULTAN's tortuous policy, though they may be unable to calculate his future course. They may safely disregard his caprices, inasmuch as it is probable that the old relations between England and Turkey will be eventually re-established. Notwithstanding superficial appearances, Turkish statesmen probably know that England is less likely than any other Power which may take an active part in Eastern affairs to impair for purposes of selfish aggrandizement the independence of the Ottoman Empire.

#### THE INDIAN BUDGET.

LORD HARTINGTON showed his customary frankness when he expressed a doubt whether the financial statement of the SECRETARY OF STATE for India would at any period of the Session secure a large attendance in the House of Commons. A Minister cannot well say more than this, but if Lord HARTINGTON had spoken his whole mind he would probably have added that a large attendance was no more to be desired than expected. The knowledge which is needed for any useful criticism of an Indian Budget can be possessed by very few members, but the disposition to criticize is felt by many who do not possess the knowledge. If Lord HARTINGTON had made his statement in March instead of in August, it would probably have been followed by a long but not useful discussion. It may be argued that the time of the House is no worse wasted upon India than upon any other of the subjects which are constantly debated with a like result. This is not a view of the case which will bear examination. The greatest injury that could be inflicted upon India would be to make her affairs a text for those party disputes into which, under a Parliamentary Government, every question is apt to degenerate. Quite enough of this tendency is seen in the discussion of our own finances. The Army and Navy Estimates, for example, are habitually considered from the point of view, not of what money the country can afford or should wish to spend upon its protection against attack, but of whether the money it is proposed to spend is more or less than that which the Opposition spent when they were in office. Even when the conversation on the Indian Budget is confined to Indian Ministers and ex-Ministers, some tendency to this method occasionally shows itself, and if the statement were made earlier in the Session, it would probably be much more visible. There are occasions, of course, on which it is inevitable that the opinion of Parliament should be taken on an Indian question. One such was foreshadowed by Lord HARTINGTON on Monday. The redistribution of the great military commands in India is now under consideration, and if the Home Government should determine to carry out the views of the Government of India, it will be necessary to ask Parliament to legislate in that sense. But if that time comes, the House of Commons will approach the question with very much greater advantage than it could enjoy in an ordinary Budget debate. The arguments for and against the change will have been set out on paper by skilled advocates on each side, and the issue will be narrowed by a single point. In a Budget debate there is only the Minister's speech by way of material, and the whole range of Indian affairs by way of limitation.

No discussion about India can hope to go on long without the opium question being dragged into it; but on

Monday the case against the duty was presented with unusual moderation. Mr. CROPPER is apparently still under the impression that the dislike of the Chinese Government to the importation of Indian opium is moral, not fiscal; but he is undoubtedly right in saying that the people of England might refuse to sanction a war undertaken to "force" the pernicious drug upon the Chinese. It can never be safe to treat as a permanent source of revenue a monopoly which might be rendered almost valueless by the refusal of another Power to import the article produced. Even China is not proof against the advance of European ideas, and at present no European idea is more generally diffused than the excellence of protective duties. It is at least conceivable that the Chinese Government may some day treat us as we are treated by almost every Continental Power, as well as by the United States of America and by most of our own colonies. Unfortunately, when the force of the case against opium as a source of revenue has been thus admitted, we are no nearer to finding a substitute for it. The existing taxes are not likely to become more productive, and there are very great difficulties in the way of raising new taxes. The direction in which Lord HARTINGTON's thoughts are moving may be seen by his reference to the undue proportion of State burdens which are now borne by the poorer classes. "There is much," he said, "of the wealth of India, such as that which is acquired in trade and industrial occupations, which does not pay, at all events, a fair proportion of taxes to the State." That is probably a very mild statement of the argument in favour of an Indian Income-tax. But in a country in which inequality of taxation is accepted as part of the providential ordering of the world, and a man as little thinks of complaining that his rich neighbour is more lightly taxed than he as of complaining that he wears better clothes and eats better food, there is no popular force to support such a proposal against the interested opposition which it must inevitably excite. Anyhow, the comprehensive reform of Indian taxation is not a task that can be taken up with one finger, and Lord HARTINGTON does the Government of India no more than justice when he says that it has "exercised a wise discretion" in postponing the question until it has disposed of the work it already has in hand. Something, however, has been done towards redressing the inequality by applying a portion of the surplus to the reduction of the Salt-tax. If the rich cannot yet be made as much as they ought, it is at all events a gain that the state of the finances should enable the Government of India to take somewhat less from the poor.

The SECRETARY OF STATE's attention has of late been chiefly occupied with military questions. An Army Commission has been sitting at Simla, and has proposed to the Government of India to make very large reductions in the British army in India. The Government of India have not entirely adopted this recommendation, but they have done so to an extent considerably larger than has approved itself to the military authorities at home. Upon the question whether the proposed changes would diminish the military security of India, Lord HARTINGTON thinks, with some reason, that the opinion of the Government of India has more weight than that of the English War Office. But the military security of India is not the only thing that is involved in the controversy. The military authorities at home contend that the proposed reduction would diminish the combined military strength of India and the United Kingdom. Upon this point Lord HARTINGTON holds that the opinion of the English War Office is entitled to greater consideration than that of the Government of India, and he has, consequently, not consented to the reductions proposed to him. In doing this, however, he has commended the arguments in support of the reductions to the further consideration of the home authorities. An economy which has so evidently caught the fancy of the SECRETARY OF STATE is not likely to want advocates. This is not the only point upon which English and Indian experts take different views. The Government of India have made proposals which "go to the root of the whole organization of the Indian army." They wish to abolish the commandships-in-chief at Bombay and Madras, and to make the armies commanded by them mere divisions of the army of India. In favour of this change it is contended that the power and responsibility of the Government of India and the Commander-in-Chief are lessened by the interposition of the local commanders-in-chief and the local governments;

that under the proposed redistribution the different elements of the native army could be better utilized and more carefully kept apart; and that to place the whole army under the direct control of the Government of India would give greater efficiency and economy to every department of military administration. On the other side it is argued that this gain in point of efficiency and economy is only apparent; that a central department sitting at Calcutta or Simla could not possibly have that intimate knowledge of the wants and the wishes of the Madras and Bombay troops which is possessed by the local departments; and that in the absence of this knowledge dangerous errors might be committed, and possibly a mutiny provoked. These opposing views are not, it seems, represented in the Government of India. There the argument in favour of the amalgamation of the three armies is accepted as conclusive. The Council of India, on the other hand, is almost unanimous on the other side; so that the SECRETARY OF STATE has really to determine with which body of advisers he shall cast in his lot. Lord HARTINGTON hopes before another year is out to have arrived at a decision which he can lay before Parliament. He will have to overrule either the opinion of the Government of India or the opinion of the Indian Council. Lord HARTINGTON is hardly accurate when he describes the Indian Council as always very Conservative. It is naturally more in sympathy with the views which influenced Indian administration when its members were themselves concerned with it than with those of the younger men who have succeeded them; but it is quite possible that at any given moment "opinions which prevailed five or ten years ago" may be more favourable to large changes in Indian administration than those which prevail at the moment. The degree of weight to be attributed to the opinions whether of the Government of India or of the Indian Council ought to depend entirely on the greater or less force of the arguments by which they are severally supported. This is a very obvious truism; but there is sometimes a danger that even obvious truisms may get disregarded if it comes to be thought Conservative to recognize them.

#### THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.

THE entire body of troops destined to form the Egyptian expedition has now (with the exception of the depôts at Malta and Cyprus) set sail from England, and the greater part of it has already arrived at Alexandria. The Indian contingent is also far on its way, and preparations appear to have been made for utilizing it at once on its arrival at Suez or Ismailia, as the case may be. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is, therefore, in a position to act as soon as he thinks it necessary, and the delay in arranging the conditions of the Turkish contingent is not likely to incline him to a corresponding delay in his own operations. An exceedingly awkward situation would be avoided if by any means the blow could be struck before the SULTAN has terminated his uncertainties, and at the same time before, by definitely refusing to send troops at all, he has given Pan-Islamists the opportunity of representing the English troops as hostile to the CALIPH. Sir GARNET already possesses troops sufficient to carry the entrenchments of Kafr Dowar, if they are properly handled, even though the number of the defending force be greater than it has been estimated; but such an operation, though it probably might settle the business, would not do so with certainty, and combined action from Suez and from the coast must take some time. If any unfavourable criticism be passed on the conduct of matters hitherto, it must be on the somewhat singular neglect to make sure of the really formidable fortifications of Aboukir and Rosetta which protect ARABI's flank and rear. The fleet is quite competent to deal with these, and Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON has for some time past been in a position to spare quite enough land troops to prevent a repetition of the mistake made in the bombardment of Alexandria. Such occupation would have been a somewhat more worthy occupation of the time than the numerous and rather futile reconnaissances which, without doing any good, have enabled the enemy to boast (falsely, of course, but at the same time inconveniently) of successes over the English. The foolhardy and useless attempt of two naval officers at the beginning of this week was an undertaking which some commanders—notably the Duke of WELLINGTON—would not only have discountenanced,

but punished. With all these officers' good will, it is impossible to see what good they could have done. Had they been captured (a capture which they had no means of preventing, and which they only escaped by accident), they would have been of more value to ARABI than any possible information they could have brought would have been to the English general.

In considering the events of the past week, however, it would be unfair to forget that officers who are only in temporary command, and who know that their chief may arrive at any moment, are in a somewhat difficult position—a position which is not made easier when troops continue to arrive from day to day, so that in case of ill success the luckless general is sure to be met with the reproach that, if he had only waited for the next batch of transports, all would have been well. It is said that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has made up his mind to attack the Aboukir position without more delay, and the very greatest interest would attach to this proceeding, whether or no it were combined with an attack on the Kafr Dowar position in front. The reported particulars of the plan are probably but guesswork, and not much more than guesswork. It may be noticed with approval that since the arrival of the General a tighter hand seems to have been kept on the Correspondents who furnish not only England, but the world, with information. It is needless to say that Aboukir is no new ground to English soldiers and sailors. When the army under ABERCROMBIE and the fleet under Lord KEITH effected a landing in face of the French in March 1801, the place of debarkation was close to Aboukir Castle, on the eastern side of the promontory on which that fortress stands. The subsequent battle of Alexandria was fought between Aboukir and the present British outposts at Ramleh. But when Lord KEITH and Sir RALPH ABERCROMBIE attacked Aboukir it was very weakly fortified, the castle being of no strength whatever, and the main obstacle with which they had to contend was the French land forces with their field-pieces and mortars. The forts which now defend Aboukir, and stretch all round the bay of that name to Rosetta (which is practically part of the same system), are very formidable. By all accounts, they are both more scientifically planned and more heavily armed than the defences of Alexandria itself. It is said that they mount at least some 25-ton rifled guns which are able to pierce the armour of all our ships except the *Inflexible* at a very considerable range; 18 and 12-ton guns of the best patterns are also numerous. Moreover, the defences for the gunners (a very weak point of some, at least, of the Alexandria batteries) are said to be excellent, and have been diligently strengthened by ARABI during the month's respite which has been accorded him. The reduction of these forts, therefore, if they are fought resolutely, will be no child's play; and though the navy has given good earnest of its ability to perform what is demanded of it, it will have to look to its laurels. For any necessary landing when the naval attack is over, Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has, in the boats of the very large number of vessels, combatant and other, now assembled at Alexandria, abundant facilities; and he has also troops for a combined attack if he fixes on it as is reported. It is true that, owing to the singular advantages which the conformation of the Delta coast presents for defence, ARABI, unless he loses all hold over his men, would not be deprived, even by a double defeat, of his control of the railways to Cairo and Damietta; but that cannot be helped. The probabilities are that a really severe defeat in his chosen position would be morally, though not strategically, fatal to him.

The other position on which he is spending most trouble is the railway from Cairo to Ismailia, on which considerable works, the one lying behind the other, are being constructed at Tel-el-Kebir and Neftiche. These are apparently intended to bar the way to the Indian troops, though, if ARABI's main position were carried or turned, they would cease to be of much value to him by the time they came into use. It is not a little remarkable that he has hitherto refrained from offensive operations against the handful of troops at Suez, though he has a considerable force within reach of that town; and the only possible inference is that he intends to confine himself altogether to defensive fighting. For this purpose it is dubious whether his policy of occupying a considerable number of detached posts is a wise one. Indeed, were it not for the arrangement of the Egyptian railway system, which, so long as he controls it, enables him to rally troops easily at

any threatened spot, it would be extremely dangerous. Some of his volunteer advisers have suggested, or assumed, that he will in effect not fight seriously at any of these outposts, but will draw to a centre, either at the barrage of the Nile or elsewhere, and fight the quarrel out on the defensive there. But a simultaneous or successive retreat from so many places would be likely to have a bad effect on his troops, whose devotion is not believed to be extremely fanatical. It may be knowledge of this last fact, possibly, which has determined Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to strike first, as is reported, where he can strike hardest, having the co-operation of the fleet, which is not possible at any other place now held by ARABI. Nor is it impossible that, if this attack be well and successfully carried out, the campaign may be brought to an end sufficiently soon to meet the very sanguine views of the Government.

#### THE AUTUMN SESSION.

THE autumn Session will not add to Mr. GLADSTONE'S doubtful popularity in the House of Commons. Sacrifices imposed on his followers by a Minister provoke no just resentment when they are felt to be a necessary consequence of unavoidable causes. Even if the Procedure Resolutions were zealously supported by his own party, Mr. GLADSTONE might regard with indifference the dissatisfaction which will certainly be felt by the minority. In the present instance, it is well known that the Liberal party is divided in opinion; and at one time Mr. GLADSTONE himself hesitated to press his favourite measure on an unwilling House. If a certain contingency had occurred, he would have consented to accept Mr. GIBSON'S proposal that a majority of two-thirds should be required to enforce the summary closing of a debate. As he reserved his right, if the intended arrangement failed, of falling back on his original scheme, he has provided against the imputation of bad faith or caprice; but his opponents may fairly contend that a settlement which was once provisionally accepted cannot at a future time be regarded as absolutely inadmissible. The withdrawal or modification of the first Resolution would probably have enabled the Government to pass the other parts of the measure in the intervals of the Irish debates. The short adjournment which is to be substituted for the ordinary prorogation is exclusively due to the persistence of the Minister in his original scheme. It may be admitted that, if the new Standing Orders are to be fully debated, there are plausible reasons against postponing the discussion to the Session of 1883. It is not yet certain that the Government will not introduce a supplementary Land Bill; and a third Session without other legislation would be thought anomalous. Mr. GLADSTONE'S mistake consists not in providing against the waste of a future Session, but in having unnecessarily postponed his measure for dealing with obstruction.

Two or three days ago Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, not without provocation, remarked that the wilful impediments to debate offered by some of the Irish members proved the necessity of altering the rules of procedure; yet recent experience tends to confirm the opinion that the proposals to which the Opposition was prepared to assent would have been sufficient to obviate vexatious delay. A majority of two-thirds could always have been obtained when a knot of Irish members was bent on preventing debate and legislation. It is indeed doubtful whether new modes of obstruction would not have been devised; but there has been no instance in which during the late Session an attempt could have been reasonably made to silence any considerable body of members. Perhaps it may be found, when the experiment is tried, that the hopes and alarms which have been felt on either side are excessive or premature. The earnest and significant language in which Mr. GLADSTONE has repeatedly proclaimed the necessity of a change, to some extent accounts for the vigilance with which his schemes are regarded by his opponents. No serious difference would arise as to the expediency of preventing deliberate obstruction, which has hitherto only been attempted by insignificant minorities. Arbitrary closing of regular Parliamentary debates would be so offensive, that it would probably seldom occur under the existing Parliamentary system. It would be rash to become responsible for the demeanour of future democratic Legislatures. At present the Opposition has a perfect right to

protest against any change in Parliamentary rules which would place its freedom of speech at the mercy of a Minister, or even of a presiding officer; but, until old traditions have been entirely abandoned, the Speaker will scarcely declare that the sense of the House is in favour of closing a debate which either party desires to continue.

Even if the PRIME MINISTER had not done his best to excite the jealousy of the Opposition, the artificial clamour which has been raised out of doors on its behalf would account for much of the suspicion with which his project is regarded. The local agitators who manipulate the Clubs or Caucuses might have been expected to practise a decent reserve in dealing with a question with which neither they nor their disciplined faction have any intelligent acquaintance. More thoughtful commentators on public affairs admit their own incompetence to discuss details of Standing Orders unless they have acquired Parliamentary experience. The party managers at Birmingham and elsewhere are less modest, or rather less scrupulous. They at least are persuaded that Mr. GLADSTONE'S professions of fairness and moderation are utterly insincere. In a vague belief that the Opposition in the House of Commons may be reduced to helpless inaction like the Conservative minority at Birmingham, the associated demagogues are more eager to suppress freedom of debate than their Parliamentary representatives to relieve themselves from obstruction. In the early part of the late Session the Clubs, like the plenipotentiaries at a Conference, simultaneously presented identical Notes or strings of resolutions in condemnation of members who might venture to exercise an independent judgment. It was to their intervention that Mr. GLADSTONE owed the majority against Mr. MARRIOTT'S Amendment. It may be added that the indignation which was caused by the officious dictation of the Caucuses more than counterbalanced the advantage of a favourable division. The Reform Club assumed the function of expressing the feelings with which the Liberal party regarded the Birmingham organization. The managers will not be so far discouraged as to leave the borough members who acknowledge their patronage at liberty to accept or reject according to their merits the new Rules which may be proposed in October. Their principal officer has lately claimed for the outside and self-elected Parliaments of his faction a right to supervise the conduct of their nominees. There can be no doubt that Mr. SCHNADHORST and his allies have the power of unseating a certain number of members at the next election; and they have already shown that they will have no hesitation in enforcing the obedience of their delegates. Mr. GLADSTONE may conscientiously believe that he is about to confirm the authority of the House of Commons; but his most efficient auxiliaries are fundamentally hostile to Parliamentary freedom.

Although it has been generally thought that the other Rules would be passed without difficulty if the Government were willing to surrender the power of closing debate by a bare majority, Mr. GLADSTONE lately expressed an opinion that other proposed changes would require prolonged discussion. The proposal to refer Bills to bodies which are to be called Grand Committees is undoubtedly a serious innovation. As the details of the scheme have perhaps not yet been fully elaborated, it would be premature to form a positive judgment on the expediency of such an arrangement. At present no method has been suggested of constituting the Committees in such a manner as to secure the assent of the House to their recommendations. In the comparatively rare cases in which no party issue arises, it may be possible to dispense with debates in the House; but the same result is already attained when projects of legislation are referred to authoritative Select Committees. The measures which excite the strongest interest are those on which parties are divided; and in such cases the decision of a Grand Committee could scarcely be final. Unless the Ministers were prepared to submit to immediate and certain defeat, they must secure the control of the Committee which is to execute the functions of the House. In striking Select Committees on party questions, it is usual to give the Government a majority of one; and it frequently happens that the final Report is adopted on a corresponding division of votes. A Grand Committee might perhaps represent in its constitution the proportionate strength of parties in the House; and its conclusions might consequently be anticipated before its sittings were begun. Even if the precedent of Select Committees were followed, the Report

would only express the opinions of the dominant party. Any Standing Order which should prevent the House from debating the Report of a Grand Committee would be invidious and unpopular.

Mr. GLADSTONE's intimation to the effect that ordinary business will be transacted in the autumn Session is so far satisfactory, though it is of course impossible to foresee contingencies in which an immediate reference to Parliament will be unavoidable. The suggestion that it might be impossible to repress the zeal of private members was sufficiently answered by the remark that perpetual priority might be given to the Procedure Resolutions. The Government will propose no general legislation of its own; but it may be necessary to obtain the sanction of Parliament for financial or political measures. The House of Lords will meet in October only to agree to a further adjournment; and the House of Commons, though it has exclusive jurisdiction over its own procedure, has no legislative powers except in conjunction with the Upper House.

#### THE RESTORATION OF CETEWAYO.

HER MAJESTY'S Ministers have played out their little farce-comedy with the Zulu KING. They have brought him all the way from South Africa. They have shown him the greatness of England from various vehicles and from the windows of the "desirable residence" hired for him in Melbury Road. He has paid his official visits, and has helped to enliven the newspapers by being entrapped into having his photograph taken. At last, when the elevating influence of this course of education has had time to begin to work, he is to go back and resume the government of Zululand in a state of "partial restoration," like a dilapidated church in a poor parish, and "with proper safeguards and conditions." It has been foreseen from the first that his visit would have some such result. Though the Ministry will be allowed, and from certain quarters encouraged, to play fast and loose with the interests of English colonists in Natal, they could scarcely have risked such a piece of gross ill taste as to bring the unhappy Kaffir over to this country only to send him back. His visit has had one satisfactory feature. It has not been made the occasion of follies by sightseers and hunters after notabilities. Perhaps it has also had this further advantage in the eyes of the Ministry, that it has given them an opportunity of affording ocular proof that CETEWAYO is not the terrible person Lord SALISBURY states him to be. He has not "smelt witches" in Kensington; neither, though the provocation was great, has he thrown an assegai out of the window at any of the straggling mob of loafers who stood about in front of the house in Melbury Road. Indeed, the Zulu KING has behaved with the natural good manners of a savage, and has so far shown himself a proper object of sympathy. There is besides this very great good to be got out of the whole business, that the Ministry may now prepare for the speeches of the recess with the sense of having done a great deed of Radical justice.

If this were all, it would, no doubt, afford a very pretty spectacle. But, unfortunately, there is every probability that it will not be all; that, on the contrary, it will be the beginning of a great deal of trouble, of which the burden will fall on those who have had no voice in CETEWAYO's restoration, and who will have no chance of making it yield them a harvest of political capital. The ultimate sufferers will probably be the British taxpayers; but before they suffer in pocket the colonists in Natal may, and the rulers we ourselves have set up in Zululand certainly will, have to suffer in person. Lord SALISBURY pointed out the dangers of undoing the actions of former Governments in words of just severity. It must introduce a further element of confusion into our administration in South Africa, already dangerously unstable. The smallest business faculty will enable anybody to see that he was equally right in reminding Lord KIMBERLEY that no "safeguards and conditions" for CETEWAYO's good conduct the Ministry can insist on will be of the slightest validity unless there is a strong military force always at hand to enforce the observance of them. He might have added to the force of his criticism by dwelling on the hypocrisy of this act of justice. Whatever CETEWAYO's character may be, and he is probably rather more than less humane than the average Zulu prince, his return cannot fail to cause loss and danger to men whom we have made rulers over his country, and who have taken

a dangerous position at our invitation and under our guarantee. In order to do justice to him, here in London before the eyes of the audiences which will listen to the speeches of the recess, and just at the end of a Session of what Mr. GLADSTONE justly calls "ruin and discomfiture," when the touching *tableau* will have its full effect, a gross injustice is to be done to a number of obscure persons without a vote on the other side of the line. As far as the agitation for CETEWAYO's restoration is not the result of mere fussy intrigue by various persons with superfluous leisure, it is the expression of the anger and disappointed ambition of Kaffir chiefs shut out by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's settlement from their share of the loaves and fishes of Zulu government. On the KING's return they will expect to be paid their arrears with interest, and it can only be at the expense of those who have kept them out so long. Lord KIMBERLEY cited the fact that so few of his chiefs had fallen off from CETEWAYO as a proof of his popularity. It may be so; but many were found to profit by his ruin, and he will be far above the average, not only of Zulu, but of European, princes, if they have not to fear his vengeance when once he has returned and put his fighting force into some sort of order. What the safeguards and conditions are to be we have yet to learn, but it requires no particular knowledge to see that the only effectual guarantee that he will not damage those who profited by his loss would be that he should not have the power. It will be a grievous burden to these chiefs and their followers if they are compelled to emigrate into some territory set aside for them by the British Government. What security they will have that he will not follow them even there we have also yet to learn. Of course, it could only be the presence of a permanent English garrison, and in that the efforts of the Ministry to seek peace and ensue it, with one eye on the audiences of the provinces, will probably end. All that is at present known about the wishes and intentions of the actual rulers of Zululand goes to prove that some of them, at least, will fight before submitting to or making way for CETEWAYO. JOHN DUNN has particularly good reasons for showing fight. The Boers also may be expected to strike for their share of what is to be got in the general scramble. The chances of picking up apprentices will be considerable.

The troubles which will probably be caused by CETEWAYO's restoration in Zululand are closely allied to the effects which it will have on the colony of Natal. Lord KIMBERLEY says that, having watched the indications of opinion in South Africa, he has become convinced that it has greatly changed of late; but he does not say that it has changed in the direction of becoming more favourable to the restoration of CETEWAYO. He turned quickly away at this point of his speech to defend the moral character of that injured prince from the aspersions of Lord SALISBURY. It is quite possible to agree with Lord KIMBERLEY that CETEWAYO has not "smelt out" more witches or killed more men than Zulu princes generally do; but the attack and the defence are both beside the question. Whether CETEWAYO has the will to attack Natal may be doubtful; it is possible that he never may have it, though only the hope that springs eternal in the Ministerial breast after failure could be equal to another prophecy of the certain effects of a pacifying measure. The complaint against the Ministry is that they are unnecessarily giving him the power to do damage if he so pleases. The changes in colonial opinion are more likely to be a growing inclination to look for the only security for peace in Zululand in a direct British protectorate. We are certainly not bound to assume a fresh burden at the request of the colonists in Natal; but we are bound not to risk their safety by putting a sovereign in Zululand who will raise it from a state of division which, if it keeps it disturbed, also keeps it harmless. The colonists in Natal are not likely to be moved by Ministerial commonplaces about justice. They will be more inclined to point out to Lord KIMBERLEY that justice requires now that he should not bring further danger on them. Of course the action of the Ministry is shielded under the weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable phrase which has been in the mouth of every one of its members since it began its remarkable career. They know that what they are doing is an experiment like the Land Act and the rest, but they take the responsibility of the consequence. It is time that formula was drummed out of politics after the dangers to liberty caused by a standing army, and various others which had a meaning in times past. Ministerial responsibility was a weighty phrase when it meant

the risk of an impeachment or a bill of attainder. It is a mere commonplace when it only means that, if the action of the Ministry causes spending of money, loss of life, and lesser suffering to many thousands, none of whom are in the Cabinet, then the other side will be able to show that it was all the fault of the men in power—to the entire satisfaction of such as believe it already.

#### COLLEGES AND COLLEGES.

THE world is just now enjoying an edifying glimpse of that genial liberality which is an engaging attribute of modern Liberalism, in the outcry which some of our most self-satisfied guides of public opinion are raising over the charter which Selwyn College has succeeded in obtaining, in view of its future adoption by the University of Cambridge. This question has nothing in the world to do with the merits of denominational or special colleges in themselves, or with the more restricted one whether, for its purpose of a denominational college, Selwyn College has been planned so as best to fulfil its own intentions, or whether, again, such a college as Selwyn is more likely to help or to retard the views which it has come into being to promote. We candidly confess to a prejudice against a feature of which Keble College was the first great example, and as to which Selwyn College and Cavendish College stand upon the same footing, though with more excuse for the latter one, owing to its more humble pretensions, that of being governed, not—as the very name college implies—by the “collection” of their own socii, but by some external Council; and we also know that persons who sympathize most strongly with the beliefs which, as it is presumed, will be in vogue at Selwyn College, have grave misgivings whether this impounding of them may not check their natural growth in the old colleges.

All these criticisms, however, are nothing to the present inquiry, which is plainly the question whether such a college as Selwyn, with all its merits or all its faults, ought to be accepted as a legitimate integer of one of our old English Universities transformed as these have been by modern Acts of Parliament. Even this inquiry is further qualified by another consideration itself created by the very reforms on which each side is alike basing the alleged equity of its policy. Till a few years back no one could study at a University except as an undergraduate member of a college. Then came the unattached student, and now Cambridge is calling into life an intermediate class, the denizens of “Public Hostels.” Cambridge, as we have said, by a recent enactment, has revived or created an institution of a practically novel character, better than a lodging-house, and not so good as a college, called a Public Hostel. So the Selwyn “domus,” as we are informed by its future Head, while a college by Royal Charter, is to be in its academic standing no more than a Public Hostel.

Theology, as the Church of England understands the term, is still a faculty of the University. But generally University teaching in its legal aspect is the acquisition of information on secular matters, tested by undenominational examinations so absolutely free in theory that the most bigoted teacher is competent to instruct his pupils with signal success, and the most free-thinking to make a very mortifying failure. So, to put the question briefly, the Universities have, on the one side, surrendered the corporate preference for or against any form of opinion, or of non-opinion, and they have, on the other hand, by the recognition of non-collegiate students, deliberately abandoned, except as a matter of personal preference, the old belief in the discipline attaching to the collegiate life, and, in short, they have estopped themselves from appealing, except in a subaltern degree, to the favour which the college in its old conception had once the right to claim from the University. So in both these aspects of the question we must say that the claim of Selwyn College for recognition is very great, based as it is upon the principles of that very legislation the tendency of which it exists not to obstruct, but to keep in proper balance. If Selwyn College be High Church, the authors of the Test Act are bound to see no High Churchmanship in a system which fills the Triposes with worthy candidates; and if Selwyn College does not hold out the social or monetary advantages of an ancient college—a consideration, by the way, which only concerns its own members—certainly the men

who have called non-collegiate students into existence are bound to look with favour upon an attempt the tendency of which must be to provide that the superior advantages of their own contrivance shall not fall below their own modest forecast. If Selwyn College be destined to become to Cambridge what Keble has somewhat unexpectedly made itself to Oxford, the opposition to it will stand convicted as vexatious. If it only succeeds in taking a place as a respectable and useful Public Hostel, even in that legitimate and meritorious character it will have justified its charter, and made good its claim for treatment more generous than that which it is receiving from a portion of the University.

The interest which the public at large, on whose behalf we are speaking, may reasonably take in the controversy, turns very much on the fact that this incident, local as it is, gauges the dangerous advance which English Liberalism of the new school is insidiously, and probably unknown to its own most respectable representatives, making towards Liberalism, in the Continental meaning of the term—namely, to a political system which excepts all things of which religion is a constituent from that friendly and equal consideration of meritorious claims which in every other case it professes to accord.

The cuckoo cry which was heard at Oxford in the cases of Keble and of Hertford College, and which is now being faintly and feebly repeated at Cambridge, to the disadvantage of Selwyn College, is that by the Test Acts all colleges hereafter are to be undenominational. English toleration interprets this vague, and therefore misleading, assertion by the gloss that, while by that Act the constitutions of the existing colleges were made distinctively undenominational, all that could be in equity demanded as the terms of union between the University and any future colleges founded by private munificence, must be, that in their public and academic aspect the denominational by-laws by which they might be governed should not clash with the constitution of the University, or bar their students from the benefits which it offered. Foreignizing Liberalism, on the other hand—with which religion is *l'ennemi*—obstinately contended that the Universities themselves should be precluded from obtaining for themselves the succour of, and of extending their own protection to, institutions which might indeed be denominational in the family circle, but which were in the person of their students undenominational, for all the legal and constitutional and educational objects which the University laboured in common with its dependent colleges. Matters came to open fighting at Oxford, and resort was had to the highest authority, with the result that the Courts practically concluded the question on the side of common sense and English feeling in the case of Hertford College. We recommend those who are troubled over the Charter of Selwyn College and its claim to participate on any terms in the advantages connected with admission into the formal circle of the University of Cambridge, to master the reasons which led to that decision.

#### THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

NOTHING can be said against the decision taken by the Government in the matter of the Channel Tunnel except that it might have been arrived at a good deal earlier. This is the one point on which Sir EDWARD WATKIN has any ground of complaint against the Board of Trade. There is no obvious reason why the announcement made by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Tuesday should not have been made three months ago, and Sir EDWARD WATKIN have been put out of his misery and allowed to devote his great powers to the “harassing” of the public who travel by the South-Eastern line. As soon as the Government had determined to submit the question to a Departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Trade, and to a Scientific Committee appointed by the War Office, they might have seen that the controversy had become too important to be settled without reference to Parliament. The form which that reference has ultimately taken is a very proper one. Early next Session the Government will move that the whole subject be referred to a Joint Committee of both Houses; but, for anything that appears to the contrary, this Joint Committee might have been nominated at Whitsuntide, and have already presented its report. Sir EDWARD WATKIN, however, has kindly for-

borne to make any drafts on public compassion. He has gone on without the least regard either to the Board of Trade or to the High Court of Justice. The Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, like the Pope, "judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man." The Board of Trade go on for months in the innocent belief that the works have come to a stand just short of low-water mark, and all the time Sir EDWARD WATKIN is boring away some hundreds of yards further on. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN then appeals to Mr. Justice KAY, and gets him to order that the excavations under the bed of the sea shall not be carried any further without the consent of the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade gives no consent, but the excavations go on as before. Colonel YOLLAND says that they have been carried 72 yards further since Mr. Justice KAY's order; and though Sir EDWARD WATKIN would think it beneath him to accept any statement made on the part of the Board of Trade as entirely accurate, he admits that he has disobeyed the High Court of Justice to the extent of 36 yards. On Wednesday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN asked Mr. Justice NORTH to help him, and Sir EDWARD WATKIN is now under orders not to use the boring machine for any purpose whatever without the written consent of the Board of Trade. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL seems to think that now that this second order has been obtained, there is no fear of the works being taken any further; but in this he probably underrates the persistence and ingenuity of the man with whom he is dealing. One order of the Court may be disobeyed as well as another, and by this time familiarity with legal proceedings may have bred contempt in Sir EDWARD WATKIN's mind. His counsel told Mr. Justice NORTH that the Company now only proposed that the boring machine should be worked a few yards further "for scientific purposes." From this it may be inferred that Sir EDWARD WATKIN is preparing to give the public a new reading of his favourite part of Universal Benefactor. Until now the moral side of him has been most prominent. He has been busy in justifying the ways of Providence. Englishmen and Frenchmen were intended by Providence to love one another, and the only obstacle to the working out of this design has been the interposition of twenty miles of chopping sea. A Channel Tunnel will take this hindrance out of the way, and it has been reserved for Sir EDWARD WATKIN to make two nations one. Now he is about to manifest himself in the character of a calm and severe investigator. When a few more yards—say the difference between 36 and 42—may establish some unexpected scientific truths, will a paltry order from a court of law make Sir EDWARD WATKIN hold his hand? We trow not.

One result of the recent proceedings of the Board of Trade has been to induce Sir EDWARD WATKIN to revise his estimate of English politicians. Only one man in the present generation, or in that immediately preceding the present, now seems to him to really deserve to be called a statesman. The late Lord DERBY was the author of an immortal letter in which he informed Lord BEACONSFIELD that the carrying out of the Channel Tunnel project would be attended with very great advantages; that while it should not perhaps be assisted by the Government, it certainly ought not to be discouraged; and that the scare and alarm about invasion ought not to be considered for a moment. Sir EDWARD WATKIN is of opinion that this letter ought to be conclusive. When a country has been favoured with a real statesman, what can it do better than follow his advice to the letter? It is certainly curious, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said in the House of Commons, that when the project was discussed nine years ago, no question was raised as to the bearing of a Channel Tunnel upon the security of England against invasion. Possibly the reason may have been that at that time very few people believed that the idea would ever be realized. The art of tunnelling has made great progress of late, and things which but a few years back seemed too visionary to call for serious notice are now included among near probabilities. If the military authorities had thought the matter serious in 1873, they would not have let it pass without the same kind of remonstrance that they have now made. The advocates of a Tunnel have constantly sought to make out that the military objection is only one among many considerations that will have to be taken into account when the question is finally decided. This view of the case rates the military objection very much below its real value. National security and the avoidance of sea-sickness are not to be weighed in oppo-

site scales. If national security can be lessened, even conceivably and in ever so small a degree, by a Channel Tunnel, no benefit that can possibly be conferred on uneasy stomachs can be accepted as an equivalent.

Sir EDWARD WATKIN's speech on Tuesday gives a faint clue to his motive for carrying on the works in defiance alike of the Government and of the High Court of Justice. By not making up their minds earlier, he said, the Government had "harassed private persons and put them to expense." Whatever foundation there may be for this charge as regards the earlier stages of the undertaking, it altogether falls to the ground as regards what has been done during the present year. It was plain from the moment that the Departmental and Military Committees were appointed that any further money spent upon the experimental borings might prove to be money thrown away. If, after this notice, private persons chose to go on working, they were put to expense, not by the Government, but by themselves. Still more is this true of the borings that were carried on in the teeth of Mr. Justice KAY's order. The Government could not have made known their minds more clearly than by going to the Court for a prohibition. The only explanation that can be suggested for Sir EDWARD WATKIN's determination to continue his expenditure is his belief that, if he could only manage to get money enough invested in the project, Parliament would never have the heart to decree that nothing should come of it. As regards the harassing action attributed to the Board of Trade, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN points out that, as a matter of fact, the Board of Trade has been exceedingly forbearing. So long as the experimental borings did not go beyond the foreshore, the Board did not seek to interfere with them. They claim the foreshore on behalf of the Crown; but as the claim is disputed they did not interfere with the borings until they had reached a point at which the rights of the Crown became indisputable. Sir EDWARD WATKIN had full notice that when the three miles' territorial limit was reached the Board of Trade would take such steps as seemed advisable, and when the works came near this limit he received specific notice to discontinue them. Sir EDWARD WATKIN made no objection to these notices, apparently thinking that it was easier to disregard them than to convince Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of their impropriety, and part of the process of disregarding them seems to have been the giving of a personal assurance that the works should be stopped. Under these circumstances it is rather the Board of Trade that has been harassed by Sir EDWARD WATKIN than Sir EDWARD WATKIN that has been harassed by the Board of Trade. If he and his shareholders choose to spend money on experiments which they have been warned may be forbidden, they have only themselves to blame.

#### SUNDAY CLOSING IN CORNWALL.

APPROPRIATELY enough the last Saturday sitting of the Session has been partly wasted over one of the measures so dear to the Radical heart for shutting out somebody from a necessary convenience. After being long blocked by the vigilance of Mr. WARTON, the Bill for compelling the people of Cornwall to drink their beer and cider flat on a Sunday contrived to get itself read a second time at the end of last week. There is a great deal that is true, but unhappily not much that is new, to be said about this Bill. The arguments against the principle of the Bill have all been brought forward long ago, and with the usual result. The people who are in favour of it are as resolved as ever to get it passed. How little the Ministry, which has a reason of its own for favouring Mr. VIVIAN's measure, can find to say in its favour was excellently well shown by Sir W. HARCOURT in the intervals left him by appeals to the Chairman and motions to count the House by Mr. ONSLOW and Mr. CALLAN. The HOME SECRETARY, who is not unacquainted with the *Letters to a Provincial*, knows—nobody better within the four seas of Britain—that it is easier to find monks than arguments. To what Mr. WARTON had to say against the Bill Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had one crushing answer. The people of Cornwall would have it so; and if Mr. WARTON wanted to know how unwise his opposition to the Bill was, let him go to the Land's End, and address his arguments to the wise, just, and impartial ears of a Liberal temperance meeting. What debate there was last Satur-

day gave indeed very little opening for argument on either side. It was one of those discussions in which both parties enjoy a bout of personalities and assertions of a more or less unfounded character. Lord ELCHO followed the example of the HOME SECRETARY, and reminded him of some words used at Oxford about grandmotherly legislation not wholly complimentary. The taunt was a little beside the mark. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's principle being that the local majority has the right to decide in such things, it follows that, if the people of Oxford like to have the public-house opened on a Sunday, they are fully entitled to their way. A majority has the power of making right and wrong, and like the free people of America must be cracked up accordingly on the well-known principle of Mr. HANNIBAL CHOLLOP. All the argument produced in the discussion came from Mr. WARTON, and it is needless to say that it told wholly against Mr. VIVIAN'S Bill. Measures of this kind can often secure a local majority to recommend them to Parliament "because religious and "political feeling often run in what might be called conterminous grooves, and many persons from the fear of "spiritual ostracism supported political measures which in "their hearts they disapproved of." Just so; the Cornish majority in favour of the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sunday Bill has been gathered by vigorous beating of the dissenting drum ecclesiastic.

Mr. WARTON'S objection to departmental legislation was equally to the point. As has been shown five hundred times already, if the majority in one county is entitled to shut the public-houses on a Sunday, so it is in all. If this is a power which ought to be conferred, it should be done by a Bill applying to all England and not to one county. That is a sufficient argument against Mr. VIVIAN'S Bill, but it is not the only one. There is no very obvious reason why the power should be given to the majority of a county and not the majority of a parish. Neither is it very obvious why, if the majority are to have the power of regulating the habits of the minority, it should be confined to the one right to close the public-houses on Sunday. All the arguments which can be brought forward in support of that right would be equally applicable to a claim to regulate a number of other things which anybody can name for himself. Common sense would seem to show that the right to close a public-house entails the right to license it. The majority which can decide on what days fermented drinks may lawfully be sold may equally decide how much may be sold. A county of bibulous habits might indefinitely increase the number of its taverns. Moreover, we must count with the religious element, as Mr. WARTON pointed out. The county which experienced a revival (we believe that is the correct slang) in the spring of one year might close all its public-houses only to open them in increased numbers in the next under the influence of the inevitable reaction. There is something a little cowardly and much too manifestly artful in these attempts to introduce Sir WILFRED LAWSON'S great measure piecemeal. If the principle that the majority is to assist towards the survival of the unfittest by inconveniencing sober people for the sake of a handful of drunkards is to be admitted, it should be done openly, be made of universal application, and fully debated. It is scandalous that the thin end of the wedge should be inserted at the fag end of a Session under cover of bullying personalities from the HOME SECRETARY.

There was, not an argument, but a plea, for the Bill used by Mr. VIVIAN which is worthy of some consideration. He began his speech by asserting that the proposed Bill was "supported by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, "and the Bishop of the diocese, by eleven out of the thirteen members of Parliament," and (to bring up the rear) "by a very large majority of the inhabitants." The zeal of the eleven members was illustrated by the fact that only two of them thought fit to be present at the debate on Saturday last. The support of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Bishop is, we venture to think, a rather curious argument in favour of a measure which will not in any way affect them. It is, no doubt, an excellent thing that the leaders of any county should take a lively interest in the well-being of the people. It is a thing of excellent example. Nevertheless, it is to be wished that it was shown otherwise than in an attempt to interfere with the domestic affairs of small farmers and labourers. Cornwall is a beer and cider drinking county. As everybody knows, these liquors must be drunk when drawn, otherwise they become unpleasantly flat. The best of cider

becomes undrinkable if left in a jug from Saturday night till the midday dinner on Sunday. This is a misfortune which may be expected to happen frequently to the small farmer and the labourer under such a Bill as Mr. VIVIAN'S; but it is not likely to affect the Lord-Lieutenant, the Bishop, or the members of Parliament. Therefore we think their virtuous activity in the matter rather a cheap way of doing good. It is not generally supposed to be a sign of lofty virtue when people "compound for sins they "feel inclined to, by damning those they have no mind "to." We do not ask these exalted persons to take Sir WILFRED LAWSON'S advice, and become testotallers for the good of their country; all we ask them is not to be virtuous at the expense of others.

#### THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT ON EDUCATION.

THE Education Department has recently put out a new set of instructions for the guidance of their Inspectors in the performance of their duties under the new Code. It may be thought that in such a document as this the public can have no interest. Inspection is a business, and, like other businesses, it requires a certain amount of technical knowledge; but what the public care for is simply the educational result to the production of which inspection is a means. There is another way, however, of putting the case which makes this Circular a more important document. The study of the Code shows what subjects are taught in elementary schools, but it shows very little more. It says that a child must pass in certain subjects, but it does not define the degree of proficiency which constitutes a pass. That is necessarily left in a great measure to the discretion of the Inspector. But the Inspector is not left altogether without guidance as to what he is to expect from the children he examines. He is given certain general rules, and directed how to apply them to particular cases. An examination of these rules will consequently yield a good deal more information as to the character of the elementary school system than could be gained by any but an expert from the Code itself.

As regards reading the Code requires that in all standards higher than the second, three reading-books shall be provided. When it is remembered that for a child's educational life these books will constitute the whole body of literature with which he will of necessity make acquaintance, it will be seen how important the choice of them is. It is not stated to what extent the Inspector will have the power to reject any book which he may think obviously unfit for the purpose. Probably there is much less need than formerly to take so strong a measure as this, as the competition of writers and publishers has by this time crowded out the inferior books which were once in use. In the three highest standards the Inspector is directed to give the preference to such works as *Robinson Crusoe*, voyages and travels, or biographies of eminent men. As to the pre-eminent fitness of the first-named book for the purposes of school reading there cannot be two opinions. It gives children a story that is sure to interest them, and it gives it in admirably simple and vigorous English. If voyages and travels and the biographies of eminent men are to answer the same end, they must be chosen with great judgment. From the nature of the case they must usually be abridgments of some larger work, and it is seldom that an abridgment has sufficient life in it to keep alive the attention of children. In the sixth and seventh standards a single play of SHAKESPEARE or a single book of one of MILTON'S longer poems may be taken as the reading-book. In the hands of a really able teacher the former especially may be of great value as a means of teaching children to appreciate in some degree the literature of their own country. Probably if the master does not feel some confidence in his own power of making SHAKESPEARE intelligible, he will not venture upon such a choice. He would naturally be afraid lest the Inspector's questions should show how very little meaning SHAKESPEARE'S words conveyed to either teacher or scholar. In the two lowest standards the Inspector is directed to pass a child who can read intelligently, "without much examination "into the matter of the book"; but he is warned to be on the look-out for the "grave fault" of allowing children to read the same lesson so often that they know it by heart, and can repeat it with only occasional glimpses of the book.

In the standards above the second it is implied that an Inspector will examine the children as to the matter of the book they are reading, but he is told to be careful rather than ask for the meaning of short sentences than to require explanation of single words by definitions and synonyms. As regards writing, the Inspector is bidden not to insist upon any particular method of teaching, provided that in the two lowest standards the child shows that he is acquainted with the proper forms and proportions of letters, and can spell correctly six words out of the prescribed ten; that in the third standard there are not more than four errors in spelling in six lines; and that in the higher standards the writing is "running, free, and symmetrical, as well as legible and clear . . . and the errors in spelling do not exceed three." In the seventh standard the Inspector is directed to pass no child in writing whose exercise does not show clear sense, fairly well-chosen expressions, and writing, spelling, and grammar free from ordinary faults. If it is found that these requirements are really obtained in this standard, it would be a public gain if to pass in it were made a condition of taking a seat in Parliament.

Besides examining children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, the Inspector is to report whether a grant should be made for the class subjects of grammar, geography, and history, and to say whether the results of the instruction are "fair" or "good." A result may be marked "fair" when one half, and "good" when two-thirds, of the children to whom questions have been addressed are found to have been well taught. When the class subject is English, the object of the lessons should be to enlarge the learner's vocabulary, and to accustom him to simple exercises in composition. The Inspector should see that good maps of the parish and the county hang on the walls, to be used in teaching geography, and that the exact distances of a few near and familiar places are known by the children. He is to determine, by means of simple testing exercises to be hereafter furnished to him, whether the scholars have been taught to sing by note. And he is specially to inquire into the needlework done by infants and by children in the lowest standards. It is remarkable testimony to the excellence of our University system that young men who have taken high honours at Oxford and Cambridge should be competent judges whether a baby has managed "to hem five inches in two colours, so as to show a join," and whether a scholar in the seventh standard is able "to cut out and tack together 'patterns of a girl's shift,' as well as 'to graft three inches and take up a ladder.'" As regards "specific subjects"—that Fourth Schedule which has been the subject of so much criticism—the language of the instructions is thoroughly satisfactory. "It is not the intention of my Lords to encourage a pretentious or unreal pursuit of higher studies, or to encroach in any way on the province of secondary education. The course suited to an elementary school is practically determined by the age limit of fourteen years, and may properly include whatever subjects can be effectively taught within that limit." The restrictions by which the instruction given in elementary schools ought invariably to be governed are now for the first time laid down, and they are based on the simple and rational principle that, as every child ought, if possible, to remain at school up to the age of fourteen, any subject may be taught of which a child of fourteen may fairly be expected to gain sufficient knowledge "to furnish a stable foundation for further improvement either by his own exertion or in a secondary school."

The new Code, as interpreted by these instructions, may fairly be said to provide for the giving in all schools which receive a Parliamentary grant a sound but not too ambitious elementary education. If there are any managers whose benevolent ambition leads them to try to do more than is possible with children under fourteen, or at all events more than is possible without neglecting the average scholars in order to push on a few who are exceptionally clever or exceptionally well-taught, the Inspectors will now be able to tell them that they are running counter to the wishes of the Education Department, and risking a diminution of the annual grant. All that is now to be desired in the matter of elementary education is that it shall be let alone. If for a long time to come no newer Code supersedes the one which will be in operation next year, a tradition of steady and humble excellence will grow up which will make itself felt in an increasing number of schools. The real problem in elementary education is not

what subjects shall be taught, but how the commonplace subjects, about the necessity of which every one is agreed, shall be taught to a continually increasing proportion of the children in elementary schools. The instructions now given to the Inspectors are very well calculated to give this object its proper importance.

#### THE SESSION.

IT may safely be said that no Session of Parliament ever ran a course which answered less to the programme laid down for it at its opening than the Session which began on the 7th of February of this year. No less than ten measures, all dealing with questions of home legislation, were laid before Parliament in the Queen's Speech. Three of these—the Bankruptcy Bill, the Corrupt Practices Bill, and the River Conservancy Bill—had been carried over from last Session. Among the others were important measures dealing with the questions of Local Government, the London Municipality, the Criminal Code, and the Patent Law. Scotland was to have two little Bills and Wales one to reward them for the Liberal majorities of the last general election. It was, however, well known that the passing of all these measures was to depend on the previous satisfactory settlement of the great question of Parliamentary Procedure. Although it was obvious that the condition of Ireland would call for much attention from Parliament, the Ministry gave no sign of expecting an Irish Session. But the course of events has been too strong for the Ministry. From the debate on the Address onwards the question of the condition of Ireland has, in one shape or another, occupied the first place in the attention of Parliament. The regulation of procedure itself—the great measure which was to be the necessary preliminary to all other legislation—had to give way to the overpowering necessity of dealing with Ireland. In the earlier part of the Session the Ministry deliberately turned away from the proposed reform, which it declared to be of primary importance, in order to make an attack on the House of Lords, which threatened an inquiry into the working of last year's Land Act. The debates to which this gave rise in the House of Commons amply proved that that anomalous measure had not produced, or begun to produce, its promised effects of pacification, and that further and immediate legislation would be needed. The Ministry clung for some time after the Easter recess to the hope of settling the question of procedure before the prorogation of Parliament, but at last even the regulation of procedure had to give way, and the legislative activity of the Parliament during the remainder of the Session has been devoted to passing two more Irish Bills. The regulation of procedure, which was to precede everything, is to have an autumn Session to itself. Much of the history of the Session amounts to a narrative of how the Ministry asserted that certain things must be done and others must not be done, and of how the first were given up and the second attempted under stress from Ireland. The story is moreover sharply divided by the crime committed on May 6 in the Phoenix Park. That date marks the end of the period during which the Ministry was still professing to carry out its plan for the Session, and the beginning of its attempts to grapple with the work forced on it from without.

At the very beginning of the Session the Ministry added one more to the blunders it had made in dealing with Mr. Bradlaugh. Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself in his character of newly-elected member to take the oath, and asserted that he was entitled to do so on the ground that his re-election had given him plenary absolution for his behaviour in two previous Sessions. It was competent to the Ministry to take the same view, and if it had done so, a defeat by the majority, which on this question would have followed Sir S. Northcote, would at least have imported no further bitterness into a tedious dispute. But such a course would apparently have been too simple for the subtle mind of Mr. Gladstone. Instead of it, he proposed that the pertinacious member for Northampton should be allowed to take the oath, and that his right to do so should then be submitted to a court of law. As it was obvious that in this case there would have been nothing on which a legal tribunal could decide, the suggested compromise had all the air of an attempt to overreach the House. The Premier then proceeded to declare that the members of the House of Commons were personally unfit to decide a judicial question. The majority refused to be misled into believing that there was anything before the House but a question of its own discipline upon which it alone is competent to decide. It would perhaps be rash to assert that the member for Northampton stands in need of encouragement from anybody to follow his own peculiar course, but it is at least possible that Mr. Gladstone's half-expressed approval of his determination to compel the House to witness what the majority had declared was an insult to it, may have had something to do with his conduct later on. On Tuesday, February 21, Mr. Bradlaugh made his way to the table, and there gabbled through the form of the oath. This piece of insolence, and a further defiance of the House on the following day, led to a second loss of his seat, and this time by expulsion, which gave the town of Northampton a third chance of proving that Mr. Bradlaugh was the elect of the people. The order forbidding him to take the oath was renewed on his re-election, and he has fortunately subsequently sunk into obscurity, from which he has only

issued at intervals by the help of actions for assault brought against the officers of the House. Before this, however, Mr. Gladstone had committed a second indiscretion, which threw the first entirely into the shade.

The debate on the Address lengthened out into a violent discussion on the condition of Ireland. In the course of it the Premier made a declaration on the subject of Home Rule, which everybody except those who hold a brief to defend everything he says or does understood to be a promise to take the matter into consideration at a future day. He deprecated the introduction of so large a question in the form of a mere amendment to the Address. He undertook to seriously consider any Home Rule Bill which should propose a good plan for separating Irish from Imperial affairs. It is, of course, quite within Mr. Gladstone's remarkable powers of interpreting language to explain this away into a mere promise to give the Irish a species of magnified Board of Works at which they might play at holding Parliament. This, indeed, was the meaning given to his words by his most trusted advocate in the press, while their importance was further minimized by his colleagues in the House. But Mr. Gladstone has so often given the first hint of his intention to introduce large measures by expressing a readiness to be instructed, that it was natural to put the widest construction on his words. It was in their widest sense that they were understood by the Irish members, who, unchecked by the object of their admiration, indulged him in a chorus of praise. These expressions of the gratitude which consists in the well-grounded hope of future benefits were listened to with consternation by all who knew how open the Prime Minister is to persuasion, and how vigorously he can act when once persuaded. Before the debate on the Address was over the country had evidence given it from two very different sources of how foolish any bandying of pleasant words with the leaders of Irish agitation must be. Mr. Forster, in a weighty speech, gave an unvarnished account of the real condition of the country, and Mr. Sexton closed the debate by an audaciously open confession of the real character of the Land League and its objects. The discussion left a general impression that the affairs of Ireland would again occupy the House during the whole of the Session.

On February the 20th the Prime Minister introduced the New Rules which were to regulate the Procedure of Parliament, and to save it, not only from direct obstruction, but from all possible forms of waste of time. It would not be strictly accurate to say that all these Rules have done as yet is to waste a great deal of time on their own account, or rather on account of the first, that which contains the definition of the form of Clôture which the Ministry propose to put in force. The nights devoted to the long debates to which it gave rise have not been unprofitably spent. The whole matter will have to be argued out again in the autumn Session; but the House and the country have been familiarized with the subject by the discussions in which it has been threshed out already. When Parliament meets again in October it will return to the matter with a still fresh recollection of Lord Hartington's remarkably candid confession, that the real object of the New Rules is to enable a Liberal majority to pass what Bills it pleases how it pleases. It is useless to enter now into the details of a series of Rules which will have a Session to themselves; but, barren as the discussions on the first have proved in practical effect, they belong to the history of the Session. The strong opposition which was offered to the First Rule was largely due to the fact that it was not calculated to deal with obstruction, but to enable any Ministry with a majority such as no Ministry can exist without possessing to close a debate at its good will and pleasure. The limitations introduced for the professed purpose of defending a minority from oppression were wholly illusory. Whenever the majority was over 200 or the minority under 40, a superiority of one vote would be enough to close a debate. As no Ministry can well exist which cannot collect more than two hundred supporters whenever it pleases, it follows that any Ministerial majority could under such a rule close any debate. It did not tend to recommend the rule to the House that the initiative was to be left to the Speaker. Nobody threw any doubt on the impartiality and independence of the present officers of the House; but it is manifest that, if such a rule were established, each party would in the future take care to supply itself with a Speaker who would see with the eyes and hear with the ears of the Treasury Bench. All that the long-drawn-out debates on the New Rules proved was that the House was prepared to accept some rule giving some majority as yet undefined the power to end a debate when a question had, in its opinion, been sufficiently discussed, but that it was not prepared to give any such power to a mere Ministerial majority. Mr. Marriott, a Liberal member, proposed an Amendment to the effect that "no rules of procedure will be satisfactory to this House which confer the power of closing a debate upon a majority of its members." The Ministry insisted on considering this as meaning any kind of majority, even though composed of three-fourths of the members present, and in that sense it was rejected by a large majority. Mr. Marriott himself had worded his Amendment "a bare majority"; the harmless adjective was pedantically ruled unparliamentary. The Opposition expressed an inclination to accept the Clôture by a two-thirds majority, and at an advanced period of the Session Mr. Gladstone stated that a compromise on that basis had been proposed, by him in May. He added, however, that he was no longer bound by his offer, which had not been accepted

then owing to the confusion produced by the Phoenix Park murders, and that he should not renew it under altered circumstances.

But long before even this approach to a decision on the subject had been reached, the Ministry, which in such matters means Mr. Gladstone, suddenly plunged the House into an Irish debate of the most unprofitable character. The New Rules had, indeed, barely been a week before the House when the Prime Minister blocked his own regulations for facilitating the transaction of business. On the 17th of February a Committee was named in the House of Lords, on the motion of Lord Donoughmore, for the purpose of making an inquiry "into the Irish Land Act, and its effect upon the condition of the country." It had been known from the Lords' debate on the Address that some such inquiry would be made, and the Ministry had taken no steps in the matter. It was equally well known that the leaders of the Opposition in the Upper House would take care that the inquiry did not interfere with the judicial working of the Land Courts. Lord Salisbury and Lord Cairns gave assurances, which ought to have been satisfactory, that they would not use their majority for the improper purpose of making government by a Liberal majority in the House of Commons impossible. Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone thought proper to call upon his majority to declare that "Parliamentary inquiry into the operation of the Land Act will tend to defeat the operation of the Act, and be injurious to the good government of Ireland." A motion which was in fact a vote of censure on the House of Lords, and which could have no practical effect, seemed designed to revive the flagging spirits of the Liberal party. What effect it had in that way was more than counterbalanced by the fact that the object of the motion was entirely defeated by the prolonged debates to which it gave rise in the House of Commons. It was meant to protest against a premature inquiry into the working of the Land Act, and it produced one which was more searching, and, above all, more public than any made by a Committee of the Lords would have been. Long before the final division was taken, there had ceased to be any doubt that the Land Act was a failure, or that the House was committed to another Irish Session. The debates not only caused the consideration of the rules of procedure to be postponed, but convinced the House that every hour spent in considering them was an equally dangerous and foolish waste of time. When, on the 5th of May, in the course of an otherwise memorable evening, Mr. Gladstone referred solemnly to the pressing necessity of settling the question of procedure, he was greeted with loud laughter. The great reform had become a mere bore. The scandalous attempts made to set up a fictitious agitation in favour of the Clôture by the machinery of the Caucus had signally failed in producing any of the effects expected by the overhasty managers. The country had refused to be excited on the subject, and the House had refused to be frightened by a mere movement *in vacuo*. When Parliament adjourned for the Easter recess, it had done absolutely nothing in the way of legislation; but the failure was so obviously the result of bad arrangement on the part of the Ministry, that no blame can attach to the Houses.

During the recess all parties were at work preparing in various ways to deal with the condition of Ireland. The Marquess of Salisbury and Sir S. Northcote gave evidence that the Conservative party had their plan for facing the difficulty in speeches delivered to a meeting of their supporters at Liverpool on the 12th April. It was to have been detailed in a Bill to be introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Smith, which was to have got rid of the impracticable system of double ownership of Irish land introduced by the Land Bill of last Session, by State grants intended to assist the transfer of the soil to peasant-proprietors. Except as indicating the way in which a settlement may be brought about at some future day, Mr. Smith's promised Bill has no immediate interest. It was only one more added to the many might-have-beens of the Session. The Irish members were equally busy, in the intervals of fomenting agrarian crime, in preparing a Bill which was to take the wind out of the sails of Mr. Smith. What the Ministry were doing the House had an early opportunity of learning. It had been coming to an understanding with the Irish members confined in Kilmainham. On the 26th of April a Bill which had been prepared there was introduced by Mr. Redmond. This Bill proposed to do for the Irish tenant-farmer all that Mr. Smith's Bill would have done in the way of helping him to become a peasant-proprietor, and was also to afford a satisfactory settlement, as the Irish tenant understands the words, of all the numerous other difficulties which had contrived to survive the pacifying influence of the Land Act. The most pressing among these was the question of arrears. Mr. Gladstone, in moving the rejection of the Bill, thought it necessary to preserve the pleasant fiction of regarding the Land Act as a measure which was producing wholesome effects; but at the same time he threw out vague promises of further concessions to Irish agitation. Two days later his vague words took very definite form. It became known that the members confined at Kilmainham were to be released, and it was obvious that some larger bribe was about to be offered. The release of the suspects was soon known to have been resolved upon in spite of the opposition of the Lord-Lieutenant and of Mr. Forster, and both resigned. Mr. Forster's explanation of the motives which induced him to leave the Cabinet was given on the 5th May with all the loyalty an English public man seldom fails to show to his party; but it was on that very account all the more damaging to his late colleagues. It proved that the Ministry had made the bargain which is usually made when a vacillating Administration

comes to an understanding with armed agitation. Mr. Parnell was to have his own way, and was to do just what he thought fit in return in support of the Ministry. Amid the very general fear caused by the surrender of the Ministry, there was a feeling of satisfaction that Mr. Forster had come out of a difficult situation with dignity; for he had been the object of disgraceful attacks on the part of at least a portion of the Cabinet, and of a portion of the press which had endeavoured to make him responsible for the shocking state of Ireland. If Mr. Forster did cherish any desire to be revenged on the intriguers who had tripped him up, he must have felt that he had his desire on the 15th of May, and had it at the time when public feeling was doubly in his favour. On that night, in perhaps the most remarkable scene of a Session fertile in scenes, and by a series of dramatic effects worthy of the most ingenious playwright, amid suppressions by Mr. Parnell, evasions on the part of Mr. Gladstone, and by means of the fussy self-assertion of their go-between Mr. O'Shea, the whole truth came out, and it appeared that the author of the No-Rent Manifesto had been liberated by the Ministry on the understanding that he was to have his way in Ireland on consideration of giving a general support to Liberal measures. On the very afternoon following Mr. Forster's explanation, and while his as yet triumphant enemies were demonstrating to their own satisfaction that all would go well, now he was out of the way, the most important event of the Session happened. Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had been named as Mr. Forster's successor, was murdered in broad daylight in the Phoenix Park at Dublin. Mr. Burke, the permanent Under-Secretary, shared his fate. The crime was not more audacious than many which had been committed before, and have been committed since, but it produced a much profounder effect. The rapidity with which it followed Mr. Gladstone's capitulation and Mr. Forster's warnings, as well as the rank of the victims, emphasized the real position of the Ministry. The Prime Minister and his colleagues have been at some pains since to explain to a public growing continually more impatient of their explanations that the measures introduced since the 6th of May have not been in any way affected by the event of that day. How far that is true of one of them, it will scarcely be accepted as true of the Prevention of Crimes Bill, which was laid before the House by the Home Secretary on the evening of Lord Frederick Cavendish's funeral. This Bill is a revival of all the most stringent measures which have been taken at different times to deal with Irish rebellion and disorder. The Conservative Opposition have given it a patriotic support, and the Irish members have opposed it by methods which finally grew into obstruction. The Bill was read a second time on the 19th of May, and remained in Committee till the 4th of July. There was, as Mr. Gladstone confessed, no obstruction in the usual sense of the word, no mere talking on vexatious motions to adjourn; but the whole Bill was discussed by every Irish speaker on every clause, and the progress made was of the most sluggish kind. At last, on the 1st of July, after an all-night sitting, the conduct of the Irish members was considered to amount to obstruction, and the Chairman of Committees named sixteen members as guilty of the offence. There was a general feeling that the measure was necessary if the Bill was ever to be disposed of; but the Chairman excited some uneasiness by suddenly inventing the novel Parliamentary offence of "cumulative obstruction" and by suspending the offenders in a batch. Among the Irish members suspended were some who had not offended on that occasion, but had frequently done so before, and who would appear to have been punished with the others for previous misconduct and on suspicion of being there with intent to obstruct. On the 7th of July the Ministry laid itself open to a defeat on the Report of Amendments by attempting to keep a promise made earlier in the Session to limit the right of search for criminals by night to cases in which there was reasonable suspicion that a meeting of a secret society was being held in the house to be searched. By grace of the Irish members, who thought that an additional degree of stringency in the Bill would be amply compensated by the joy of annoying Mr. Gladstone, and abstained from voting, the Amendment was lost. Mr. Gladstone gave them the pleasure of hearing him utter a threat of resignation which could not be serious, and added one more to the many instances given in this Session of his fatal readiness to speak before he thinks. The Bill had the inevitable rapid progress through the House of Lords, and became law on the 12th of July.

Concerning the second Irish Bill of the Session, the Ministerial assertion that it was not introduced in consequence of the Phoenix Park murder is of somewhat easier belief. The Arrears Bill bears so strong a family likeness to much of Mr. Redmond's "Land Act Extension Bill" that they may be safely supposed to spring from a common source. The object of both is professedly to clear the Irish tenant of the weight of arrears which hangs round his neck, and give him a fair start. This the Ministerial measure proposed to do in the following way. Every tenant of a farm at a rent of less than thirty pounds a year, who had arranged with his landlord for the year ending in the autumn of 1881, and could satisfy the Land Commission of his inability to pay what earlier arrears he might owe, was to be entitled to assistance from the State to discharge his debt. The amount of assistance given was to be one half of such arrears if they did not exceed two years' rent; whenever they did, the relief afforded by the State was to be one year's rent. The tenant had the right of putting the Court in motion, and it was compulsory on the landlord to accept the

arrangement. The payment by the State was to be a complete discharge of his claims on the tenant. Finally, the money was to be found out of what remains of the Irish Church Fund, supplemented by some amount not very well defined from the pocket of the taxpayer. The Bill passed unchanged through the House of Commons, though not uncriticized even from the Ministerial benches. Mr. Bright confessed the immorality of calling upon the State to pay the debts of a man who had his tenant-right on which to raise money. An Amendment proposing to make the tenant-right liable for the balance of the arrears was brought forward by Sir John Lubbock, but it was not till the Bill reached the House of Lords that any serious change was made in it. Besides some smaller ones, the Lords made two important Amendments. By the first the consent of the landlord was to be necessary to put the Act in motion; by the second, the tenant-right was to be liable for the balance of arrears. As in the case of the Lords' Amendments to the Land Bill, there was for a few days some expectation of a political crisis. But the Government was not in a position to refuse the second Amendment, and the Lords were not inclined to stand very obstinately by the first. On the 8th August Mr. Gladstone announced that the Ministry would accept the second Amendment with the limitation that the tenant-right was only to be liable for arrears if sold within seven years, and then only to the extent of one year's rent. The first they could not accept, but were willing that the landlord should be entitled to ten days' notice of the tenant's intention to appeal to the Land Court. The Commissioners will also be required—by the Bill as it first stood they were only permitted—to take the tenant-right into account as an asset in estimating the tenant's solvency. The changes in the Amendments made by the Commons were accepted by the Lords, but the Marquess of Salisbury refused to accept the compromise for himself. In a speech of great vigour he pointed out that by doing so he would be held by the Ministerial party to have accepted the principle of an Act which he believes to be dangerous and immoral.

When the Irish Bills were disposed of, the House of Commons was able to pass some small measures. Of these, the *Parcels Post Bill*, introduced by Mr. Fawcett, was that which attracted most general attention, but the valuable *Settled Estates Bill* of Lord Cairns was incomparably the most important. The Budget was remarkable among Mr. Gladstone's Budgets for being a very commonplace affair. The nearest approach to anything sensational in it was the proposal to relieve local taxation by increasing the duty on private carriages, which would have had a pleasant air of being a relief of the country taxpayer, while it would certainly have fined that class of the country population which Mr. Gladstone knows to be least favourable to himself. The increase in the carriage duties, like so much else which the Ministry has been going to do, remained in the state of proposal or threat. When the progress of affairs in the East compelled the Ministry to call for a Vote of Credit, Mr. Gladstone was able to announce that the increase in the Income-tax by which, as a matter of course, the money was to be found, would enable him to dispense with the addition to the carriage tax.

Questions of foreign policy have occupied much of the attention of Parliament and not a little of its time, in spite of the steady reserve of Ministers, and Sir Charles Dilke's habitual refusal to answer questions. It appeared at one time possible that the number of citizens of the United States confined as suspects in Ireland might lead to disagreeable questions with the Government at Washington. The noisy Irish mob of American cities began a violent clamour against England, and the necessity of conciliating the Irish vote, which weighs upon all American public men, gained a certain recognition for a very hollow agitation. But it was early robbed of all importance, partly by the ample concessions of the English Ministry, partly by the interference of native American opinion, which was disgusted by the insolent Irish attempt at dictation. The concession of a royal charter to a North Borneo Company, formed to develop the trade of the island, excited some surprise in the country, and some discussion in both Houses of Parliament. It soon became clear that the Ministry had only done as little as possible where there was a pressing necessity that something should be done. The Company may very probably give trouble at a future date, but for the present the whole subject has fallen into neglect as far as the public are concerned. These were small matters; but the troubles which have arisen from Egypt, and because of Egypt, have been of the gravest character. The military revolts which the deposed Khedive Ismail had played with, for the purpose of putting pressure on the European Control, have borne their fruit under his successor, Tewfik. Arabi Pasha, who first appeared as one of a body of mutinous officers in the disturbances of February last year, has advanced rapidly in his career of military adventurer. In the course of this year he has stood forward as the leader of a fanatical Mohamedan movement directed against all foreigners, and his position was strengthened by the doubts which exist as to how far he was encouraged by the Sultan. In dealing with the difficulties created for it by this adventurer, the Ministry have endeavoured to act up to their theory, that the foreign policy of the country should be guided by the European Concert. It has tried to act with France and with Europe; but the result has shown that it is impossible to act with France, for she has become too much afraid of Prince Bismarck to do anything which might require the despatch of a large force, and that Europe which means Prince Bismarck did not see the necessity of doing anything. The policy of acting with France produced the Dual

Note, which was in fact a threat deprived of all effect by the qualifying statement that nothing would be done to enforce it. The policy of acting through the famous European Concert has led to a Conference, which has met and talked, done nothing, and tried to allow nothing to be done at Constantinople. The Sultan has as usual delayed and intrigued in the hope that some quarrel among his European friends would enable him to come by his own. What schemes and fears lay under the surface everybody can guess, but nobody can say with any degree of certainty what is the real state of things among the European Powers. It soon became clear enough that, if English interests were to be protected in Egypt, it must be by herself alone, and that nobody was prepared to prevent her from acting. The crisis was precipitated by a combination of insolence and folly on the part of Arabi. With the hope apparently of terrorizing the English Government, and encouraged by the weakness shown in the presentation of the Dual Note, he began to encourage the mob of Alexandria to attack Europeans. On the 11th of June a number of Christians, estimated in different accounts at from sixty to over two hundred, were killed in the streets of Alexandria, and among them were an officer and some seamen of the English war-ships stationed in the harbour. All attempts to secure satisfaction for this outrage proved vain, and the Egyptians began to place guns so as to menace the squadron stationed in the harbour under Admiral Seymour. After a weary month of expostulation on our part, and of lies and evasions on the part of Arabi and the Sultan, the Ministry gave Admiral Seymour leave to take measures for destroying the Alexandrian forts. They were bombarded with complete success on the 11th of July. The bombardment was followed by the total ruin of Alexandria by the soldiers of Arabi. The want of a sufficient force of soldiers to occupy the town made it impossible for Admiral Seymour to prevent the destruction. This want of troops is the most palpable result of deference to the European Concert. None had been sent for fear of offending other Powers. It now became certain that an Egyptian expedition would have to be undertaken, and on July 24th a Vote of Credit was asked, and the amount was fixed at the very moderate sum of 2,300,000*l.* The credit was readily voted by the House after a debate, mainly composed of discussions of great futility, between the Ministry and the Opposition, as to whether the "Control" established by the late Ministry was or was not political. The bombardment of the Alexandria forts led to the resignation of Mr. Bright. His retirement from the Cabinet surprised nobody except by the late date to which it had been delayed. The slight feeling of ridicule created by Mr. Bright's sudden discovery that the bombardment was wrong after it had been committed was heightened by the scene of his explanation. He and Mr. Gladstone bandied compliments, and performed a duet of sonorous commonplace about the moral law. Meanwhile the country is committed to a war in Egypt of which there is nothing certain but that it will be costly, and that the troubles it will leave behind it will not improbably be longer and more dangerous than itself.

Until the last week of the Session Parliament was not called on to devote any time to Colonial affairs. Then the Ministry announced that it was about to reverse one more of the measures of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, by restoring Cetewayo to some part of his former power, under certain "safeguards and conditions." The settlement made by Sir Garnet Wolseley in Zululand has not secured peace for that country, and a continual agitation in Cetewayo's favour has been kept up, less by his own countrymen than by a body of noisy English sympathizers. At the risk of making him dangerous to Natal, the Ministry have determined to restore him to his throne, after bringing him to England for the avowed purpose of impressing him with a sense of the power of the country. It appears strange that he should learn that here, if he could not learn it at Ulundi, and the action of the Ministry has laid them open to the charge of hazarding an English colony for the purpose of pacifying a section of their Radical supporters which is known to be little pleased with the intervention in Egypt.

The country was shocked in March by the announcement that the Queen had been again shot at near Windsor. The long series of murderous attacks on rulers of late in foreign countries for political reasons seemed to give the news a more sinister meaning; but it was happily discovered that the attempted assassination was the act of a poor lunatic, made desperate by poverty and personal misfortune. The customary erratic proceedings of private members have not been absent. A few votes supported Mr. Labouchere in his opposition to the usual Parliamentary grant to Prince Leopold on his marriage. The fads of different reformers, each with his own nostrum for putting the world right, have been pressed forward to gain as much attention as they could. For one of them, the Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, a respectable number of votes were found in a very full House of Lords under the patronage already given to the measure by the Prince of Wales. The retirement of Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster has given an opening to some of the younger official supporters of the Government. Mr. Trevelyan has been promoted from an Admiralty secretarieship to Mr. Forster's post, but without a seat in the Cabinet; Mr. Campbell Bannerman succeeds Mr. Trevelyan at the Admiralty. The new Irish Secretary has scarcely yet had an opportunity to make for himself a reputation as a statesman, but he has shown both temper and firmness in encountering the worrying of the Irish members. On the very eve of the adjourn-

ment the severe but well-merited punishment inflicted on Mr. Gray by Mr. Justice Lawson for contempt of court excited much attention in and out of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone, however, succeeded by a temporizing speech in staving off serious Parliamentary discussion of the matter. The Session has been equally exceptional and barren. It has been spent in chaining up murder and outrage in Ireland, as far as practical work is concerned, so as to leave the hands of Government free at last to deal with questions of home legislation. The House broke up with less of feeling that it was going to rest than of speculation as to what new scenes, new surprises, and new disappointments will distinguish the Autumn Session, which is to begin on the 24th of October, to regulate Parliamentary Procedure.

#### ST. BERTRAND DE COMMINGES.

FROM the railway station of Mont Réjeau, the junction from which the branch line for Luchon turns off, one of the most striking objects in the beautiful mountain view is the massive form of a grand old Romanesque cathedral rising from the summit of a hill in the middle distance lying to the right of the line. The dark mass of the building, standing out in strong relief against the opal-tinted mountain background, has a most imposing effect. But, as there are no signs of a surrounding city to be seen, the question naturally arises how came so large a church to be needed in a neighbourhood where there are no church-goers. It is rather difficult to find a satisfactory answer to this question without going to the place itself. Indeed, no one should leave Luchon without paying a visit to this great church of St. Bertrand, which is one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in the South of France. Though it is only ten kilometres distant from the station of Mont Réjeau, for any one whose walking powers are not equal to accomplishing that distance on foot the easiest way of reaching it is by carriage from Luchon. The drive down the valley, although long, is by no means tedious; the road is good and not fatiguing, as there are no cols to be traversed. A whole day, however, is needed for this expedition, and it is absolutely necessary to carry provisions, as there is no entertainment either for man or beast to be had at St. Bertrand. The stranger who is ill-advised enough to attempt to reach it from Mont Réjeau, though he may have been assured at Luchon that this is the easiest way, will find himself encompassed with difficulties. The people of Mont Réjeau are strangely indifferent about their interesting neighbour. In their eyes a town with a brand-new railway-station is vastly superior to a tumble-down old place that has only Roman ruins and a Romanesque church to boast of, and they cannot make out why strangers do not think so too. Carriages at the station there are none; and even after climbing up a mile of nearly perpendicular ascent into the town, the visitor finds it difficult to get a vehicle of any description. Though lying thus on the edge of the tourist's country, few are ever seen in the town, and the townsfolk have not learnt to welcome them as a lucrative source of income. Even lavish offers of any reasonable or unreasonable numbers of francs do not inspire them to suggest any possible way of getting across the tract of hill-country that lies between them and St. Bertrand except walking. At last a saddler is won over to place himself, a small nondescript vehicle, and his piebald pony at the service of the party. He is very proud of the pony, as proud as a mother might be of an ugly girl who turns out a beauty, and no wonder; for, though when he bought it as a foal, it was thought to be so worthless that it was called in derision "cing-sous," it has turned out a genius, and can do as many tricks as if it had been bred up in a circus. "Cing-sous" proves a capital goer when he is at last got to stop showing off his accomplishments, and is in due time climbing up the steep slope that leads into St. Bertrand. The town has had a curious history. The Roman town was founded, so tradition says, by Pompey, and Comminges is a contraction of Lugdunum Convenarum, a name supposed to indicate that this was the meeting-place of a sort of confederation of neighbouring tribes. It was a very important place under the Cæsars, but suffered greatly after the fall of the Empire, and was very nearly obliterated by the sixth century. After that it dragged on a miserable existence amid the ruins of its former greatness till a deliverer appeared in the Bishop Bertrand. He was a fit leader of the Church militant in the eleventh century, stirred up the townsfolk to make head against their oppressors, repaired the old walls, and restored the place to strength, freedom, and prosperity. He built a great church, and as bishop governed the city, and held his own among princes till his death.

For centuries after this the independent bishopric held its ground against the nobles of the South, no one of whom it would acknowledge as its liege lord. Every building, except the church, is now in ruins. The site of the Roman walls is still traceable, marking a large circuit far beyond the actual town. The Roman wall may still be seen above a ruined gateway, and there are some large masses of walls and piers of aqueducts still left which may be Roman; but buildings of different dates have been so piled up on the top of one another, each one as it fell to decay being used as the foundation of another, that it is well-nigh impossible to assign a date to any given portion. What strikes a stranger most in the actual town is that the inhabitants are calmly and contentedly letting it tumble down over their heads. When one street or block of buildings becomes uninhabitable, they make no attempt at repairing it, but simply move into another. The

"Évêché" or bishop's house, a fine specimen of the domestic architecture of some two or three centuries ago, is so dilapidated that it is quite dangerous to put your head into it, and as for getting upstairs, that is quite out of the question. Hardly a soul is to be seen in the streets. A very dirty old woman, as decayed as the town, on seeing strangers at a distance, has hobbled swiftly along byways, so that she is found in a devout attitude of prayer at the church door on their arrival there. She is begging, of course, but can tell them that, if they want to see over the church, they must go inside and toll the bell till the "curé" or the "vicaire" comes to show it. They obey, with misgivings at taking so unprecedented a course of action; but soon find that the bell tolling is the customary signal of a visitor's advent in the town, for the "curé" presently comes trotting across the "Place" to do the honours of the cathedral that has now sunk into a mere parish church. The church consists of a tower, resting on massive piers and round arches, probably of the eleventh century, and a nave very striking from its unusual height, and ending in an apse of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Inside there is not much of interest. There is the shrine, of course, of St. Bertrand, and a reredos, with 105 carved figures, illustrating the life of Jesus and of the Virgin. The greater part of the nave is filled up with wooden choir stalls (66 in all), of rich Flemish carving of the sixteenth century. The subjects of the sculpture are taken alternately from Hebrew and pagan history, the twelve Sibyls being jumbled up among Old Testament characters, as if they had all been contemporaries and compatriots. The stalls are handsome and valuable in themselves; but they look out of place where they are, and quite destroy the effect of the interior. On the wall of the church hangs a stuffed crocodile, which is believed by the faithful to be the dragon which was the terror of all the district round Comminges till it was slain by St. Bertrand. The portal is a marvel of rich and early carved stonework. Among the subjects are Lazarus, the twelve Apostles, the adoration of the Magi, and a miser being pushed by two deacons into the mouth of Lucifer. The whole is surmounted by a fine head in relief, obviously intended for Jupiter. The handsome cloisters are given over to weeds and rubbish, and seem to be following the example of the rest of the town in converting themselves into ruins with all possible speed. The church itself, too, is sadly in want of restoration. The old curé is fond of his church, and suggests that the money which is being spent at Lourdes on the new basilica and its decorations would be better laid out in saving from decay one of the finest ecclesiastical monuments of the South of France.

Another favourite expedition to be made from Luchon is the ascent of the Enticade, a mountain whose summit lies on the other side of the frontier in Catalonia, and from which a splendid view of the other peaks of the range is enjoyed, especially of the Maladetta. This mountain, the highest of the range, is always spoken of by the guides with a respect and enthusiasm almost amounting to adoration. It is their idol, and they tell with delight of the number of human lives that have been sacrificed to it, either from zeal in chamois-hunting or summit-scaling. The Maladetta is the most difficult and dangerous of all the mountains. The ascent of the Enticade is comparatively easy, though it is a long day's work, implying a start with the sun. Possible bear-hunting is reckoned as one of the attractions of Luchon, and every now and then an alarm is raised that a bear has been seen in the neighbourhood, and a hunt is organized with a great show of enthusiasm. All the idle Frenchmen whose passion for "la chasse" has hitherto found vent only in popping at singing-birds, join the cavalcade, got up in ideal hunting costumes, and fired with the desire of engaging single-handed with so formidable a foe. Off they start in the highest spirits amid a deafening din of cracking of whips, and hollering at the top of their voices into the mountains; but, though they return crestfallen towards night-fall without even having sighted their prey, they are always ready to set off again on the same fool's errand when this phantom bear makes his reappearance. Every guide has, of course, slain several bears with his own hand, as a sort of qualification for his office, at least so he tells the credulous; but the truth is that the bears, like the other wild animals, have almost disappeared, at any rate from the French side of the mountains. The great Pyrenean dogs are considered guards sufficient for the cattle even in the wildest pastures, and like the dogs of the Campagna, whose masters boast that they "mangiano tutto cristiano," make the mountains rather dangerous walking. A noted Pyrenean climber, who has walked pretty well every accessible yard of the mountains, had two of these dogs that he had trained to do the duty of sumpter mules in carrying his baggage strapped on their backs as they trotted along beside him. However, it is impossible, even if they are taken as puppies, to make them amenable to the restraints of polite society, judging from the reports of their conduct when imported as pets into England. One lady found that her Pyrenean pet, though devoted to herself, had such an invincible dislike to all her visitors, and by his rough way of showing it got her into so much trouble, that, much against her will, she had to send him back to his native country. There he led a life of leisure in a farmhouse, while, like Puss in Boots, he was never expected to do any work but for his own amusement, as a handsome board was regularly paid for him.

The people of the Pyrenees have as strongly marked peculiarities as their dogs. One looks in vain among them for the noble qualities of mind and exalted sentiments supposed to be inseparable

from such romantic scenery. They and their mountains are not at all in harmony with one another. All the ideas of patriotism and self-devotion traditionally ascribed to mountaineers have been absorbed in an intense love of money. They are reckless liars and shameless beggars. No native, however well off, is above begging from a stranger, and they never seem to be too young nor to grow too old to hold out the hand for sous. Infants and patriarchs alike at sight of a stranger raise a cry for money. They will even leave their work and cross several fields on the chance of securing a stray copper, and a well-dressed man on horseback has been known to beg from a traveller who was making his way on foot. They look on strangers in an altogether original light—as a harvest produced by their mountains which it would be a disregard of Providence not to make the most of, and they fall back upon many ingenious devices for relieving them of their money. If a rill of water trickles down the hillside, they stick up a door in front of it, decoy the unwary to turn aside to see this "cascade," and then charge them a franc apiece for unlocking the door. They scent their prey as far off as vultures, and crop up in the most unexpected places. Plant your camp-stool on the most desolate spot, and presently a voice is heard at your elbow demanding half a franc either as "droit d'entrée" for entering the property or as rent for the ground your seat stands on. At the top of a pass a party were once startled by seeing an aged man suddenly loom through the mist, and whine for alms on the plea that he was starving. They afterwards found out that this was the father of their guide, a man of substance, owning many carriages and horses.

An excellent carriage road connects the two Bagnères. It crosses over the mountains by the Col de Peyresourde and the Col d'Aspin, from which there is, on a clear day, a lovely and extensive view. Picturesquely perched on the mountain-side, high above Luchon, is the quaint little church of St. Aventin. And a grotesque legend of the discovery of the relics of the saint through an ox goring up the ground is commemorated by the figure of an ox rudely carved upon the church walls. From Luchon to Bagnères is a two days' drive; but the night can be comfortably passed at Arreau, a town lying in the valley between the two cols. Arreau can boast of no hot springs, and has therefore been left in its primitive state. It is an exceedingly picturesque town, with a white, ever-foaming, ever-brawling mountain torrent dashing through its midst. The buildings offer every variety of quaintness and irregularity of exterior to be the delight of an artist's eye. But it is only the buildings that have kept their simplicity untouched by the ways of the world; their inmates have not. Having no resident foreigners to prey upon, they are all the more keen at pillaging any stray comers that a kind Providence may send. The two inns of the town keep up a perpetual rivalry, and fight over the bodies of all new comers. Should the first and best inn be chosen, the next morning, instead of speeding the parting guest, the authorities seek to detain him by placing sentry at his door a gendarme armed with a summons from the other innkeeper. This fellow produces a telegram, sent in your name from the hotelkeeper at Luchon, charging him to prepare beds and a dinner. There is no help for it; the carriages must be remanded, and the whole party must go, attended by an admiring crowd, to the mairie. It is in vain you deny the charge. The two innkeepers, with their chefs and whole staff of assistants, revile one another so loudly that no one else can be heard. The maire, without paying much attention to what any one is saying, has made up his mind that the strangers are to pay for the dinner that has been cooked, and which he in company with his friend, the accusing innkeeper, intends to eat. The telegram is there, sent in your name; what need has he of any further witnesses? You must pay for what has been ordered for you by some one else. Conscious that you are the victim of a vile conspiracy, but chafing at the delay which an appeal to higher authorities must occasion, you pay the money to get out of the fray, and leave the chamber of justice in possession of the excited and hostile citizens gesticulating in each other's faces and seemingly on the verge of coming to blows.

After leaving Arreau the road mounts again, and a second col has to be patiently toiled over before descending into the fertile, smiling vale of Campan, at the entrance to which the traveller once more draws near to the bright little bustling Bagnères.

#### "HOW PRIME MINISTERS SHOULD KEEP FAITH."

EVERY one understands how praiseworthy it is in a Prime Minister to keep faith, and to live uprightly and not craftily. Nevertheless we see from what has taken place in our own days that Prime Ministers, who have set little store by their word, but have known how to overreach men by their cunning, have accomplished great things. Be it known then that there are two ways of contending; and that a Prime Minister should understand how to use well both the way of the lion and the way of the fox. To rely wholly on the lion is unwise, and for this reason a prudent Prime Minister neither can nor ought to keep his word, when to keep it is hurtful, and the causes which led him to pledge it are removed. If all men were good this would not be good advice; but since they are wicked and do not keep faith with you, you in return need not keep faith with them, and no Prime Minister need ever be at a loss for plausible reasons to cloak a

breach of faith. Of this numerous recent instances might be given. Men are so simple, and governed so absolutely by their present needs, that he who wishes to deceive will never fail in finding dupes. One recent example I will not omit. . . . — always found material to work on. No man ever had a more effective manner of asseverating, or made promises with more solemn protestations, or observed them less. And yet, because he understood this side of human nature, his frauds always succeeded. There is no virtue which it is more necessary for a Prime Minister to seem to possess than religion. For every one sees what you seem, but few know what you are. Wherefore, if a Prime Minister succeeds in establishing and maintaining his authority, the means will always be judged honourable and approved by every one. For the vulgar are always taken up by appearances and results, and the world is made up of the vulgar. . . . A certain Prime Minister of our days, whose name it is well not to mention, is always preaching peace and good faith, although the inveterate enemy of both, and both, had he practised them as he preaches them, would have outperformed than once lost him his authority."

It is very much to be feared that some hasty readers, scantily acquainted with the modern classics, will take the above curious paragraph for an extract from some Tory libel. It happens, however, to be a faithful transcript of the eighteenth chapter of the *Prince of Niccolò Machiavelli*, Citizen and Secretary of Florence, translated by N. H. T., and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. in the present year of grace, with the substitution of "Prime Minister" for "Prince," and the omission of some sentences and clauses for brevity's sake, but with the addition of nothing. It would be interesting to know how many people on Tuesday morning, after putting down their *Times*, took down from the shelves the excellent Florentine "who gave his name to our Old Nick," and recreated and refreshed themselves by a perusal of this remarkably coincident passage. It has been admitted on all sides that the logic as contradistinguished from the ethics of Mr. Gladstone's observations as to his undertaking of the 6th of May is unattackable. "It was quite possible we might have some fruit. . . . These expectations were disappointed. . . . Therefore the special reasons for the proposal having gone by the proposal falls to the ground." So Mr. Gladstone. "A prudent prince neither can nor ought to keep his word, when to keep it is hurtful, and the causes which led him to pledge it are removed." So Machiavelli. Say the two sentences a few times over and it will become hard to distinguish between the utterances, except that Machiavelli (who indeed was as a man of letters, if not as an authority in the casuistry of politics, considerably Mr. Gladstone's superior) has expressed it more neatly and more clearly. It may be further pointed out that the agreeable argument that if men were good the case might be different, but that as they are wicked there is no need to be scrupulous about your conduct towards them, is exactly the argument of Mr. Gladstone's most faithful followers, though he himself seldom puts it so bluntly, having, in the words of our Niccolò, "a more effective manner of asseverating." It cannot be denied that the facts are exactly those which the Florentine Secretary contemplated. On the 6th of May Mr. Gladstone was in great straits; on the 14th of August he was out of them. On the 6th of May he was in need of the assistance of the Opposition; on the 14th of August he was not. At the former date he had to negotiate with Mr. Parnell to get the necessary business measures of the Session passed, and the like; on the latter, the forbearance of the regular Opposition, the handsome conduct of Mr. Parnell, and the kindness of the House of Lords had freed his hands. Above all, in May the Government were pretty obviously losing popularity; in August, thanks to the adroit adoption of a Jingo policy, they had either regained it or secured the passive co-operation of the Tory party, who, as a recent historian, himself a strong Liberal, remarks—"have never pursued an unpatriotic policy at times of foreign disturbance." It is therefore impossible to deny that the circumstances had changed. In a partly similar conjuncture the Hon. Algernon Deuceace bluntly remarked to Mr. Richard Blewitt, "Why, sir, I don't intend to keep my promise." But then Mr. Deuceace had the hold over his interlocutor that both had been engaged in the same awkward transaction. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, was not driven to this extreme of cynical audacity, nor were his opponents reduced to Mr. Blewitt's unpleasant condition, though perhaps some of them may have felt themselves to be as that gentleman was called, "infernal fools and ninnies," for giving Mr. Gladstone the assistance they have given him. But on the whole the language and proceedings were marked by great decency on both sides. Mr. Gladstone, as we have seen, said nothing which may not be almost textually supported by passages from one of the most famous Doctors of the higher political Church. His opponents, except one or two weak vessels, wisely said nothing at all. Yet it is conceivable that if Mr. Gladstone's theory of the removal of the causes which led him to pledge his word is not modified by the 24th of October, he may perhaps "see some beautiful ones," to use a charming Gallic idiom, on the motion to give the Procedure Rules precedence. There is time for the Opposition to buy Machiavelli and read the *Principe*, which is indeed a very short book, and the result of the study cannot but be an improvement in their tactics; whereas from this example and others it would really seem as if Mr. Gladstone's method was not susceptible of further perfection. He has taken the crowning lesson.

The admiration which must necessarily be excited by this stroke

of political gamemanship ought to be increased the more its circumstances are considered. It has, indeed, a little the air of what is called playing fast and loose, but the wise make every allowance for such performances. "If you were a trifle over sicker in your amusement, my lord," says Sir Mungo Malagrowth, "it canna be denied that it was the safest course to prevent further endangerment of your somewhat dilapidated fortunes." Now at the time when Mr. Gladstone devised this ingenious backardation (if a Stock Exchange term may be permitted) of his political liabilities, his fortunes were not a little dilapidated. Mr. Forster had left him, and the revelations then made had damaged the Government seriously. There was every sign if the Kilmainham negotiations succeeded of a storm among the English constituencies and the regular Opposition; if they failed, of a renewal of desperate Irish obstruction in Parliament and of murders and outrages in Ireland. Trouble abroad was imminent, and the Government had still not made up their minds to throw all their legislative promises overboard. If the Irish members could be "nobbled" by the Arrears Bill, and the Conservatives by the abandonment of a bare majority, a great stroke would clearly have been made. But Mr. Gladstone showed admirable judgment in the difference of his dealings with the two parties. The Irishmen, understanding no nonsense about "between gentlemen" and the like, would give cash only for value received, and they got their consideration at once. The Tories—simple folk—were persuaded to give their assistance first and expect the consideration afterwards. Mr. Gladstone has played admirably here, for he has got the assistance and has not given the consideration. It is to be observed also (for the future as well as the past excellences of a great action deserve noting) that he still has capital cards to play. The two-thirds majority concession can be pledged over again if necessary. If things go ill in Egypt, or any other difficulties arise, the political Mont de Piété will no doubt once more receive this invaluable security. On the other hand, if things go well, and the unaccustomed laurel crown Mr. Gladstone (greatly wondering at these *novas frondes*) with military glory, the rigour of the gagging game will doubtless be played in October, and two-thirds majorities will be abominations of which Mr. Gladstone cannot bear to think. So much with regard to the Commons. But the proceedings of the Prime Minister have also their bearing on the House of Lords, and in this respect they are marked by the same logical and agonistic ability. A weaker-minded man might have thought that the acceptance of the Arrears Bill by the House of Lords was a good turn which deserved another. But Mr. Gladstone, when it suits him, is nothing if not constitutional. The Lords have nothing to do with the Commons' regulation of their own business, and it would be improper to be guided in respect of the latter by any considerations of the conduct of the former. The behaviour of the Prime Minister, it will be observed, is thus impregnable on every ground except the ethical one, which we have carefully left out of consideration. For really, since the memorable game of football which Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone played with the moral law, that code has been in such a ramshackle condition that it is safer not to touch it.

In conclusion, it is a great pleasure to us to have been able to identify the source of Mr. Gladstone's excellent statesmanship on this occasion. It shows convincingly how true it is that a really great work is never obsolete, and that new-fangled alterations in politics have not in the least changed the qualities and methods which obtain political success. There are, indeed, some passages of Machiavelli's *vade mecum* which Mr. Gladstone seems hitherto to have overlooked, such, for instance, as the chapter "That flatterers should be shunned," and perhaps that which argues "That a prince should seek to avoid contempt and hatred." But we cannot all do all things, and for a scholar to have so thoroughly carried out the precepts of his master in any one point, as Mr. Gladstone has done in this point of keeping faith, is a performance of no ordinary merit.

#### THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery continue to execute the duties confided to them by the Government of the country in a manner which decidedly entitles them to our sincerest thanks—thanks still more emphatically due to Mr. George Scharf, who, as director, keeper, and secretary, has been associated with the Trustees since the original formation of the collection twenty-five years ago. The Report recently made to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and ordered to be presented to both Houses of Parliament, is one of the most satisfactory that has ever been submitted, and shows no abatement in the pains which have always been taken to render the gathering of portraits at South Kensington worthy of a great country, while it is able to report the extraordinary acquisition of some pictures of unusual importance and merit. Ten portraits have during the past year been bequeathed or given to the nation for exhibition in the Gallery, and they represent many varieties of the individual distinction of which England has so much reason to be proud, and which it is the object of the collection to perpetuate and preserve, so far as this can be done by iconic representation. The late Lord Hatherley left to the Trustees by his will his own portrait, in his robes as Lord Chancellor, by George Richmond, and a couple of Royal Dukes. Among the gifts there is also a bust by Chantrey of Rennie, the eminent engineer

and architect; and a picture of Berkeley, bishop, philosopher, and advocate of the medicinal use of tar-water—each of these in their respective ways being special types of remarkable Englishmen. Mr. Boehm has presented a head of Carlyle, modelled by himself. Lord Dartmouth has given the portrait of his ancestor, the first lord, who played a conspicuous part in history in the troublesome and dangerous years preceding and following the Revolution of 1688. Sir Theodore Martin has made some very interesting contributions to the Gallery by sending portraits of Hayley, the poet, and of James Watt, together with the sad and singular subject of poor Peg Woffington, as she might have been seen when prepared to receive visitors after she had been the victim of the paralytic stroke which deprived her of the use of her limbs while speaking the epilogue to *As You Like It* in 1757. She continued to live for three years in this condition, and is represented—the face only visible—as lying in a bed with rich draperies, and with a face still retaining much of its celebrated beauty. It is to be hoped that the generous conduct of those who have added these pictures to the collection may serve as an example to others who may be in a condition to do the like; but it cannot escape remark that the expectation of such munificence in the future must considerably depend upon the accommodation provided by the Treasury for the reception of more canvases. People will hesitate in consigning valuable works of art to ill-lighted and overcrowded galleries; but would be largely induced to part with their treasures if they knew that they would be certain to be well exhibited and seen to advantage in their new home.

Under the head of purchased pictures, the acquisitions of the Portrait Gallery during the past year have been most important. Two portraits of eminent politicians and writers commence the list. The likeness of Sheridan is the earliest known, and was taken in 1788, and presents him in a very pleasing aspect, although the curious conformation of his mouth is conspicuous. It is in crayons by Russell, and will be of use in showing what the brilliant original looked like when at his best. The picture of Burke is an addition still more to be prized, for it not only represents a great man, but it is one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best works, and in a fine condition, not always to be found in them. For this was paid the very moderate sum of 500*l*.

Following these comes Crew, generous Prince Bishop of Durham, and a temporal peer also, as the third Baron Crew who succeeded him. Bishops in his days might wear moustaches, and even an imperial, as may be seen in the present picture—ornaments of the face certainly not less apostolic than the episcopal wig of the succeeding hundred years. John King, Bishop of London under Elizabeth and James, is another recent purchase, and he also wore full moustaches and a beard. This is a good piece of work by Daniel Mytens. Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, who officiated at the coronation of James I., appears as a third prelate, whose portrait has been acquired during the last twelve months. He, too, wore a beard. Primate though he was, his portrait was bought for only 9*l*., while those of the Bishops of Durham and London cost respectively 25*l*. and 50*l*. Perhaps the shade of Whitgift, if it haunted the Gallery, might derive some consolation from the motto which his portrait bears of *vincit qui patitur*. Portraits of Abraham Cowley, the poet, and of Sir James Outram, the distinguished Indian administrator, complete the list of those obtained for the Gallery under the ordinary system of annual purchase.

The two pictures acquired at the Hamilton Sale are unquestionably the most noteworthy of all that have been lately added to the existing riches of the National Portrait Gallery. The full-length of James II., by Kneller, although not quite finished in all its details, is a fine picture. It possesses the interest of being the earliest portrait taken of this King after he came to the throne, and, indeed, from the date which it bears, must have been painted during the first two months of his reign. His connexion with the navy is indicated by the man-of-war with full-set sails, firing a salute, in the background, from which are proceeding two boats, one of which carries the royal flag. The anchor placed near the figure must be taken to refer to the office of Lord High Admiral, from which the King had been removed when Duke of York, and while under the shadow of the hostile influence which led to the introduction of the Exclusion Bill, but which he resumed at once on succeeding to the crown. The large size of this picture, which requires to be placed in a spacious gallery, public or private, probably accounts for the comparatively very modest price at which it was obtained for the nation. But it is the second of the Hamilton Sale purchases which will receive and which will deserve the greatest attention. It represents the statesmen of England, Spain, and Austria, who assembled at old Somerset House in London in 1604, to complete a treaty of peace and commerce between the sovereign powers of those countries. The change of English policy thus inaugurated by James I. was a momentous one, and the abandonment of active support to the Protestant cause in the Low Countries involved in the undertaking to give no more assistance to the "Hollanders or other enemies of the King of Spain and the Archdukes" naturally led to the severance of two countries who should have continued on friendly terms, and to the naval wars with the Dutch, which followed at no very long interval. The treaty of the 18th August, 1604, has hardly received the amount of notice which it deserves in the ordinary histories; but it is particularly mentioned, and its provisions are set out at length, in Stow's Annals, together with the names and titles of the statesmen who negotiated it, under

date of the year in which it was made. This picture was erroneously ascribed to the painter Pantoja de la Croix, whose name is written upon it, but accompanied by the impossible date of 1594. For in that year there was no such conference, and the titles by which some of the Englishmen in the picture are denoted in the reference index of names placed in one corner of the canvas were not conferred until after that year. Neither does the work resemble that of the supposed painter, nor was he ever in England. With a probability amounting almost to certainty this picture may be taken to be the production of the better known Marc Gheeraerts, who came from Bruges to England in 1580, and who is known to have been much employed at Court. This work, then, has a threefold interest—first, as representing a remarkable historical event; secondly, as giving the portraits of the personages engaged in it, with an exact reproduction of the very room, with its tapestry and furniture, in which they sat; and, thirdly, as coming from the easel of an eminent artist. It is believed that for the last of these considerations the picture attracted the notice of the authorities of the National Gallery, for which it would probably have been secured if it had not fortunately found its more appropriate resting-place among the portraits at South Kensington.

The persons represented are eleven in number, and are seated on two sides of a table covered with a rich Oriental carpet, the "tapis" upon which metaphorically lay the subject of their deliberation. It would seem as if diplomatic transactions were conducted with a smaller apparatus of papers and stationery than would now be seen on a similar occasion. Only one or two of the men are holding papers in their hands, and upon the bare expanse of tablecloth, unbroken by any hats or gloves lying upon it, there is only one small inkstand, and only one pen, presumably that with which the treaty is to be signed; and the paper lying before Lord Cecil of Essenden, soon to become Viscount Cranborne, which may be the document containing the provisions agreed upon. The five English Commissioners sit facing the six Spaniards and Austrians, and some of them seem to bear an expression not altogether of satisfaction with the work they have been completing. One may well imagine how little the Earl of Nottingham, High Admiral of England, and Captain-General of its navies, who as Lord Howard of Effingham defeated the Armada, might like a renewal of friendship with Spain. The Earl of Devonshire, Master of the Ordnance and Governor of Portsmouth, and the Earl of Northampton, Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, might also feel no cordial approbation of the act in which they are engaged. Neither does the Earl of Dorset, the sweet singer Buckhurst of yore, with his white staff of office, as High Treasurer of England, seem to be thoroughly pleased with what is going on. Cecil alone appears to be thoroughly pleased with the arrangements which are about to be brought to their formal conclusion.

On the opposite or foreign side of the Council-table greater satisfaction seems to prevail in the countenances of the dignitaries there ranged. The Prince of Aremberg, wearing the collar of the Golden Fleece, presides over them. Nearest the window sits John de Velasco, Constable of Castile and Leon, and the owner of half a dozen more grand titles, and associated with him are two other Commissioners for the King of Spain. At the lower end of the table are seated the two gentlemen associated with Aremberg on the part of the Archdukes of Austria. It may be remarked that, on the whole, the Continental nobles and officials have an air about them of more refinement and culture than seems to belong to the Englishmen, representing nevertheless, as most of them do, some of the best blood in the country. They do not look as if they belonged to the highest class of the land, while the Spaniards and Austrians give assurance without mistake of belonging to an aristocracy, not only of blood, but of education, although among them there are men who may probably have risen from lower ranks of the public service without any of the advantages of good family antecedents. The same sort of reflection may be made in looking over Holbein's drawings of the nobles and courtiers who surrounded Henry VIII., few of whom bear any decided external impress of high birth or of much intellectual cultivation, not that the latter reflection applies to the statesmen of 1604. The sum given for the Conference picture is the largest ever expended upon a single work for the Portrait Gallery, and Mr. Scharf has earned the warmest thanks of the public for the judicious zeal and enterprise displayed by him in the acquisition of so valuable an addition to the collection which has already owed so much to his care and superintendence.

Next to the knowledge which can be gained of distinguished men from the sight of their portraits may, perhaps, be named the study of their handwriting—apart, of course, from acquaintance with what they have done and said, and from the works which they have published. It is, therefore, altogether quite germane to the high objects of the National Portrait Gallery that the formation should be encouraged of a collection of autographic writing. The Gallery actually contains many valuable specimens of handwriting, both of persons whose likenesses it now possesses, and of others in whose cases it may be hoped that the presence of the pieces of handwriting may lead to the future appearance of the writers on their canvas, to find themselves again in proximity to what they may have formerly put upon paper. Every year chronicles additions to this part of the collection, and the possessors of interesting autographs cannot make a better use of them than by placing them, in succession to the donors whose gifts are recorded in the present yearly Report, where they are certain to be well seen and to be studied with profit. One curious instance

of the felicitous juxtaposition of a portrait and a piece of handwriting now occurs in the Gallery. Opposite to a picture of Jeremy Bentham as a young man hangs a copy of juvenile Latin verses as corrected and commented upon by Dr. Johnson. Nothing can be conceived more interesting than the multiplication of similar associations would be.

On the eminently important questions of the safe and convenient housing of the portrait treasures at South Kensington it would be gratifying to be able to dwell with entire satisfaction. Some improvements and alterations have been made during the past year; especially the galleries on the upper floor have been practically extended by the erection of screens, and better arranged for the admission of light. But it is mortifying to find that the Trustees are compelled to report that the replacing and re-hanging of the pictures will be a costly affair, and that the funds available to meet this expense may be required to meet the demand for the recent purchases at the Hamilton Sale, and to read that the Trustees look forward to having to deal with this extraordinary expenditure by retrenchment under various heads in future years. Surely this is not as it should be, nor is it worthy of those who have the administration of the public funds of a great and wealthy nation that the National Portrait Gallery should be stinted by a narrow parsimony in its continued growth and development. It is unique in character, and should be encouraged as one of our most valuable institutions. For historical, biographical, and educational purposes, it offers advantages which cannot be found elsewhere, and, to our shame be it said, England is the only country which, possessing such a collection, and having the means of placing it in a building beyond all risk of fire, and of adding to its contents, neglects and refuses to do so.

#### ROCKS AHEAD FOR THE SALVATIONISTS.

IF nothing succeeds like success, the Salvation Army must be allowed so far to have succeeded. It has bravely borne—what to most rising sects is a real advantage—the bracing ordeal of a tiresome and at times rather savage but not dangerous persecution, and has thriven on it. Whether it will thrive as well under the more trying ordeal of prosperity remains as yet to be seen. The adverse winds have beaten in vain on its sturdy neophytes, but they may be tempted to strip off their armour under the seductive warmth of the sunshine. Meanwhile in one sense at least it has hitherto proved a success. The precise nature and extent of its boasted spiritual achievements it is indeed very difficult for an impartial observer to estimate with any confidence amid the clash of conflicting testimonies. Thus a declaration signed by the Mayor and Sheriff of Newcastle-on-Tyne, four members of Parliament, and twelve resident magistrates, attests that “they [the Army] have succeeded in this town and neighbourhood, not only in gathering together congregations of such as never previously attended religious services, but in effecting a marked and indisputable change in the lives of many of the worst characters.” And a clergyman elsewhere assured Mr. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury’s chaplain, “that two whole streets in his parish, which were once ‘a very den of thieves,’ had become quiet and comparatively respectable since the Salvation Army opened fire on them.” On the other hand, according to the same authority:—

One of the most devoted and hard-working clergymen in London writes as follows:—

“Few districts have been so little affected as ours—for we have the lowest of the low—but so far as my experience goes the evil done directly and indirectly more than counterbalances the good. Parents complain” of the bond of filial obedience being weakened, and “immorality has resulted from the meetings in which the young mingle and excitement runs high.”

Be that as it may, however—and we do not propose to enter into the controversy here—of the material success of the enterprise up to the present time there can be no question:—

In May, 1877, the Army had 29 corps, 31 “officers, wholly employed,” 625 soldiers ready to speak when wanted, and an income of some 4,200*l.* per annum. It has now 331 corps, 760 officers wholly employed, and at least 15,000 trained soldiers ready to speak when wanted. It holds more than 6,000 services every week, and its income, which is rapidly increasing, is now at the rate of at least 70,000*l.* per annum.

This is Mr. Davidson’s statement, who professes to speak on good authority, though we do not quite know how to reconcile the concluding words with General Booth’s assertion in the same magazine that the subscriptions and donations received last year “amounted in all to only some 21,000*l.*” As to the wonderful success of the movement, however, the General is most emphatic, and the special point to which we would direct attention here is that he attributes it mainly to the military and despotic organization of his “Army.” We have, he says, very little trouble in the way of discipline, “for we compel all our soldiers to live under the blazing light of public service.” The plan of organization, he adds, makes every soldier in some degree an officer; the country is mapped out into thirteen divisions, each under the command of a Major; each corps is under a Captain, assisted by one or two Lieutenants, and these captains and lieutenants are removed from one corps to another about every six months, “in order to avoid the danger of settlement into old ruts, or of too strong an attachment on the part either of officer or soldier to person or place, rather than to God and the war.” “*The system of government,*” he sums up—the italics are his own—

“is absolutely military.” They had tried in turn paternal and democratic government and the constitution of committees, but all alike failed. “We find that real soldiers care very little who leads, or how they march, so that there is victory, and that we get along best without the people who must needs discuss and vote about all they do.” It naturally follows from this autocratic scheme—and the importance of the point will appear presently—that “the property of the Army is held for its exclusive use by the General for the time being,” and we have seen that this property already amounts to 70,000*l.* a year.

Here, then, in the rigid military despotism of its organization, lies in the judgment of the founder and General of the Salvation Army the true secret of its success. And it is remarkable that on this point the least sympathetic of his critics in the *Contemporary Review*, Miss Frances Cobbe, quite agrees with him. That she would not have much sympathy with any religious movement based on what she rather contemptuously designates “the Burning House theory of human life,” might have been anticipated. And little as she would commit herself to any form of Christianity, “Christianity made rowdy” is just the most offensive that can be presented to her. Those indeed who accept Christianity as a divine revelation designed for the guidance, solace, and control of all classes of mankind must be prepared to admit its adaptation to very various tastes and temperaments, and will be content to tolerate, or even encourage, in popular teaching and devotion, much which to cultivated minds is uncongenial if not actually repulsive. But a line must be drawn somewhere, and the most zealous evangelist, however little disposed to identify religion with refinement, may fairly demur to a style of processional hymnology which opens the chant with

Elijah was a jolly old man,  
And was carried up to heaven in a fiery van,

with a thundering chorus at the end of every verse—

Let us every one be a jolly old man,  
And be carried up to heaven in a fiery van.

It can hardly be denied that, when “the stillness of Heaven itself is broken to our ears by vile talk of ‘rows,’ ‘Hallelujah gallops,’ and ‘jolly’ prophets ascending in ‘fiery vans,’ nothing is left for awe or solemnity above or below.” But, small as is her sympathy with the movement, Miss Cobbe fully admits its present success, and she attributes it primarily to the same cause as General Booth does:—

First among the elements of success is the organization of the “Army,” which combines the inspiring military pattern with the rigid discipline and complete autocracy of the great monastic orders. “General” Booth’s authority more nearly resembles, I believe, that of a General of the Jesuits or the Franciscans, than that of Sir Garnet Wolseley or Sir Evelyn Wood.

The comparison of the Army to a Religious Order, and notably to the Jesuits, is an obvious one, and could not fail at once to occur to every intelligent observer. It occurs at once to Mr. Davidson, but he makes a very different use of the analogy. To him this “autocracy of the General in command,” so far from appearing a main element of success—as for the moment it undoubtedly is—suggests the probable source of failure and weakness in the future. He cites from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the following apposite description of the Jesuit polity, which corresponds, *mutatis mutandis*, to that of the Salvationists:—

The Jesuit polity is almost a pure despotism. . . . The general is, indeed, elected by the congregation of the Society, but once appointed it is for life, and with powers lodged in his hands . . . which enormously exceed, as regards enactment and repeal of laws, as to restraint and dispensation, and both in kind and degree, those wielded by the heads of other communities. . . . He alone nominates to every office in the Society. . . . The admission and dismissal of every member depends on his absolute fiat, and by a simple provision of reports to him he holds in his hands the threads of the entire business of the Society in its most minute and distant ramifications.

This system has done much to preserve during a period of more than three centuries the continuity of life and vigour in the great Society, but the price has been a heavy one, as the same writer goes on to show:—

Among the causes which have been at work to produce the universal failure of this great company in all its plans and efforts, first stands its lack of powerful intellects. . . . It takes great men to carry out great plans, and of great men the company has been markedly barren from almost the first. Apart from its mighty founder and his early colleague, Francis Xavier, there are absolutely none who stand in the very front rank.

This is much too strongly put. Laynez, Salmeron, Suarez, Bellarmine, Mariana, and several others who might be mentioned, if they did not rival the missionary energy of Xavier, were vastly his superiors in intellectual power; in mere intellect, indeed, apart from administrative capacity, many of them were superior to Ignatius himself. But still it is true in the main that the rigid absolutism of their rule, which aims at controlling thought as well as action, has tended to deter men of original mind from entering the Jesuit Society, while members of it, like Passaglia and Curci in our own day, who could not bear the strain, have felt compelled to leave it. And if the Salvationists were to become, like the Jesuits, a permanent institution—which we do not ourselves see any reason to expect—the same difficulty would sooner or later inevitably recur.

But, meanwhile, a simpler and more fatal objection to the autocratic régime, on which General Booth so strongly insists, appears to have escaped the notice both of himself and his critics, but is already beginning to make itself felt. The Jesuit discipline,

with the whole weight of Papal authority and Catholic opinion at its back, is strong enough at least to hold its own, though it be at a heavy cost. It is by no means evident that an autocratic rule which depends ultimately for its success on the personal character, ability, and influence of those who have started the movement and still guide it, will exhibit an equal capacity for repressing all tendencies to revolt. Two cases of the kind have been reported within the last week. At Hanley, where "Captain" Smith and two "lieutenants" had been cashiered for accepting testimonials on the eve of their removal, there has been a sort of mutiny. When a meeting was held for the purpose of introducing their successors, General Booth's name was received with groans, while Captain Smith's name was cheered, and the discharged officers, instead of quietly submitting, have set up an opposition camp in the Imperial Circus at Burslem, which will hold 5,000 persons. Still more recently "A Dissatisfied Member" of the Salvation Army has written to the *Leamington Times* to state that a Miss Harvey had bequeathed 3,700*l.* to General Booth for the purpose of either purchasing the circus there, or building a large hall for the Army at Leamington, and that to his own knowledge the whole amount was paid over by the executor to Mr. Booth and his agents. He then goes on to ask "why Mr. Booth does not now build a hall, and what is being done with the money," and also "how Mr. Booth is justified in sending his so-called captains here, who say they are compelled to make collections every night through the week, and at all services on Sundays, for money to carry on the work, and still keeping back the above-named bequest left for the purpose?" To these questions there may, for aught we know, be a very sufficient reply forthcoming; with that we are not now concerned. The incident is only mentioned here as another example of disunion, if not mutiny, in the ranks of the army whose leader declares the first condition of success to be that it should be "thoroughly understood that the corps is under its Captain, the division under its Major, and the whole army under its General, with no hope for any one of successful agitation against superior authority." Agitation, as we have seen, there is already, and not without some measure of at least partial and temporary success, and in such matters example is apt to be infectious. The danger may not be so grave or so far-reaching as some of those noticed by Mr. Davidson, but it is certainly a more immediate and direct one. Of the rocks ahead which he has counted up there is one other only on which we shall have a way to say here. He dwells of course on the "irreverence," as Miss Cobbe dwells on the "religious rowdiness" of the movement. But there is one phase of this, to put it mildly, religious unreserve, this unnatural effort "to live the whole life in the full glare of day," so peculiarly offensive and perverse that it deserves to be separately noted as at once a blunder and a crime. The *War Cry*, with its motto of "Blood and Fire" and its marvellous advertisements, is bad enough, but the *Little Soldier*, conducted expressly for, and in great measure by, the children of the Army, is far worse. The following extract from what Mr. Davidson gently designates "this really offensive little newspaper" will speak sufficiently for itself.

I am still trusting in Jesus. I mean to fight unto the end, and give all my days to Jesus. . . . My father and mother are not saved yet. I hope there will be room in *The Little Soldier* for my letter. . . . My auntie says she would like to write the little soldiers a letter. . . .—May, aged eight years.

Thank God I am saved and on my way to Heaven. My two brothers, George and Teddy, are saved, and baby May. I am sorry that father and mother are not saved yet, but hope they will soon. Mother is very fond of reading novels to father in bed at night. Please pray for them to get saved, and please pray for me, as I have a naughty temper and vex my mother sometimes. . . .—Ada, aged ten years.

It is hardly too much to say that the *Little Soldier*, if it is continued in its present shape, will alone be enough to wreck the fortunes of the Army which enlists and drills its infantile recruits on such a pattern. Our present object, however, is neither to criticize nor to predict. It may suffice to have indicated some rocks ahead in the course of the Salvation Army, the existence of which can hardly be denied, and to have shown reason for surmising that what is not unnaturally cherished by its leader as the chief secret of his strength may nevertheless very possibly prove in the sequel—and that in more ways than one—a fatal source of peril and discomfiture. General Booth has proved himself to be a man of exceptional force of character, but we may well hesitate to credit him with the organizing capacity, as neither can he command the rare opportunities, of Ignatius Loyola.

#### THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA IN 1801.

THE pens of the principal writers in that branch of romance which too often passes for history in France have been much exercised during the last ten years in writing up the French conquest of Egypt. They invariably omit the dénouement of the story. Their object is to show that the path of French glory leads through Egypt. When a Frenchman talks of glory, the rest of the world is at a disadvantage. Neither we nor the Germans have, at least avowedly, fought for glory. The other day in Tunis, the path to glory led through an Englishman's garden, which was trampled down while its despairing owner in vain pointed out that the road led round it. The Frenchman's road to glory runs straight, replied the commander, and the Englishman has had to content himself with the sentiment. M. Gabriel Charmes was one of the foremost of these writers, at least as regards Egypt. He

simply and roundly asserted, knowing that mere assertion is in these cases the best rhetoric, that, intellectually, Egypt belonged to France. Whatever his object, however, the means he proposed were peaceable. France had given life to modern Egypt. France had, moreover, given life to the study of ancient Egypt. He would place a French school of Egyptology at Cairo, and he hoped that it, to use his own words, "serait en outre d'une excellente politique. On ne sait pas assez," he adds, "chez nous combien les écoles sont d'admirables instruments d'influence morale et matérielle." M. Charmes is only one of a crowd of writers who have used similar language; and a French school was actually founded in Cairo the year before last in pursuance of M. Charmes's "excellente politique." Unless it was greatly belied by the jealousy and well-known perfidy of the English residents, the school had only one pupil, and he was an American. The "moral and material influence" thus brought to bear on Egypt has not produced the effect in France which M. Charmes and his coadjutors expected. When the mass of reading Frenchmen came to look into the matter, they must have seen how entirely hollow these pretensions were, and if they were at the trouble of looking back to the history of the last French occupation, they must have observed how entirely it failed. The French whom Buonaparte left in Egypt failed to conciliate the people, failed to improve the country, and left no mark whatever on the modern condition of the natives, except that ruins are still pointed out in Boolak and Cairo which were made in the siege of those places under General Kléber in 1800. His assassination shortly afterwards, by an Arab who had been wronged in these operations, left the chief command to General Menou, an officer of a type rare, we must hope, even in the French army. What the issue of the occupation might have been had Kléber lived it is impossible to say. With Menou at the head of affairs it was doomed. He had contrived to render himself hateful to his compatriots as well as to the natives. Kléber was killed while actually engaged in a quarrel with the insubordinate Menou, who, at any rate, showed little of the archaeological and sentimental sympathies which M. Charmes attributes to his countrymen, for he reduced the scientific expedition to the rank of camp-followers. During an outbreak in 1798 in Cairo, they had to defend themselves in the house assigned to them; but it is somewhat characteristic that, though they had the heavy hand of the French General over them and the people rising under them, they could not agree on the choice of a leader, and were obliged to abandon their small fort. Denon himself relates the anecdote. In an English account other quarrels of the wise men are described, according to one of which a medical officer refused to sit at the same board with Buonaparte because of the scenes of murder he had witnessed at Jaffa. It will easily be understood that when Buonaparte, in the words of Archbishop Whately, "left the captains and the army that were in Egypt and fled, and returned back to France," and when Kléber had been killed, the state of subordination in the French ranks was by no means perfect. The open adoption of Islam by General Menou, and his marriage with an Egyptian woman, completed the discontent of his soldiers, of whom many were heartily homesick and dispirited, and the rest more or less demoralized by the climate and the excesses to which repeated plunderings of a defenceless but disaffected people had given rein.

In the autumn of 1800 the English were, as Sir Robert Wilson, the historian of the expedition, somewhat oddly puts it, at a loss what to do with an army "which might justly be regarded as the *corps d'élite* of England." It was actually kept cruising about in the Mediterranean until the Ministry made up their minds. An attack on Egypt was at last ordered. Lord Keith accordingly took his fleet eastward, and endeavoured to effect a junction with the Turkish fleet at Marmorie, in Anatolia. But the Turks were of two minds, as usual, and after sending a considerable force under their Capitaine Pasha, deserted again, and took no part in the expedition till they were sure how victory would incline. They were not unjustly afraid of the French, who had put the Grand Vizier and his army to flight so easily the previous year. But Lord Keith and his active helper, Sir Sidney Smith, had every reason to expect the success of a landing under such an officer as Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and their ignorance of the coast was in some measure compensated by their good fortune in finding themselves in Abou Keer, or Aboukir Bay, the scene of Nelson's victory three years before. At the same time, the capture of a couple of French ships loaded with luxuries for the army of occupation helped to keep up the spirits of the men, though some comedians, captured about the same time, do not seem to have been called upon to contribute to the amusement of the English. Sir Sidney's first success created a diversion. He had landed to survey the coast, when he came upon a small fort, which he took, and brought back with him a French colonel and an Egyptian donkey.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie was already an old man, and had served in various parts of the world for forty-six years; but he had under him at least two officers either of whom might have been considered capable of conducting such an expedition as this. General Moore is best known to us by the battle of Corunna, where, like his chief Abercrombie in Egypt, he fell "in the arms of victory." But that he owes something also to Wolfe's elegy is apparent, when we observe the complete oblivion in which General Hutchinson, who deserved better of posterity, has fallen. He succeeded Abercrombie in the command, and conducted the remaining operations to their satisfactory conclusion. The landing took place in Aboukir Bay on March 8, when the ships had lain in

the offing for several days in a gale of wind, during which they had been obliged to watch the completion of the French preparations to oppose them, preparations which, owing to the want of those two great modern inventions, the steam-engine and long-range artillery, they could do nothing whatever to prevent. The landing was not effected without considerable loss. The forts of Aboukir, of which we have lately heard so much, were on the right, and flanked the English troops as they ascended the steep sandy slope. Military critics, indeed, afterwards gave it as their opinion that, if both armies had done their duty, no landing could have been effected at this place. Be this as it may, the English forces by nightfall had made good their footing and the French had retreated on Alexandria. Two or three days were spent in landing provisions and ammunition, and it is worth noting that an Arab came forward and revealed a well which had been kept secret from the French during all the years of their occupation of the coast. It was, in fact, very soon evident that they had not contrived to endure themselves to the populace, and even "Abdallah" Menou had much difficulty in feeding his army between Cairo and Alexandria. The English cruisers, busied with the landing at Aboukir, allowed two French frigates to enter the port of Alexandria, which considerably strengthened the enemy, as they brought both men and supplies. On the morning of March 13 the French began their attack before daybreak. Menou had not yet arrived, and Lanusse was in command. The English army was posted on the heights at Ramleh, which have since become very familiar to many of our countrymen. A Roman encampment—said to be a relic of Nicopolis—crowned the first hill. It covered the French left. A staring red palace, built by the ex-Khedive, destroyed the remains of this fort, and now marks its site. The English left was on the edge of Lake Maadiéh, and Lanusse endeavoured, without success, to outflank it. He was obliged to retreat within the embankments of Nicopolis; and the English were about to storm them when Abercrombie ordered a halt. He may have been right in showing caution, as his heavy artillery had not yet been landed, and the fort of Aboukir in his rear had not yet surrendered. But the delay gave Menou time to reach Alexandria with all the forces he dared to take away from Cairo. In all he had about ten thousand men, whom he could never have got within the walls had the English been a little more active. When it was too late they cut an embankment and let the sea into Marjoutis. Had they done so sooner, Menou would have had but one narrow road by which to approach Alexandria, and even that commanded by the British left.

Before daybreak of the 21st, Menou attacked Abercrombie, who by this time was well entrenched on the sandy hills, and had taken Aboukir. The attack was in itself a mistake. With walls behind which he could shelter himself, he might have forced the English to assault Alexandria. Abercrombie was actually engaged in arranging for a night attack to take place forty-eight hours later. It is very probable Menou would have beaten him off, for the walls and forts were at this time very strong. Abercrombie could hardly believe it when he heard that the French had been so foolhardy as to leave their protection and march out. From the first, victory was certain, but the battle was hard-fought. A feint was made in the darkness against the English left; but the attack was feeble, and the English held their ground all day by the side of the lake. Hutchinson commanded this wing, and was afterwards blamed by the French for not coming to the help of his chief. But, had he done so, the fate of the battle might have been very different. The forces were very well matched, but the whole French strength was thrown against the English centre and right. Abercrombie, himself among the foremost, directed the defence. A small earthwork had been formed near the ruins of the ancient fortress, and the heaviest fighting took place round it, and round the hill on which Zizinia's house, of which we have heard so much lately, now stands. A body of volunteers from the French army, calling themselves "invincible," were nearly all killed, and their colours taken, before Menou retreated. Lanusse was wounded, and died shortly afterwards, and so great was the slaughter among the officers that towards the close of the battle the soldiers were almost without orders. The French loss, including prisoners, was not much under four thousand men; yet the whole action was over before ten o'clock in the forenoon. When the French were at last in full retreat, Abercrombie, who had remained in the battery, allowed his wounds to be examined. He had been able to stand during the engagement, though unhorsed and much bruised by a dragoon, whose sword, nevertheless, he captured. When victory was declared, he fainted away, and was borne into a little domed tomb, which is still pointed out on the field. His injuries did not seem to be severe, but it was judged well to place him on board Lord Keith's ship. He had every ground for satisfaction when he looked back on the day's work; yet he remarked sadly, when congratulated, "These victories make me melancholy." The English killed were under three hundred, and the wounded eleven hundred. Alexandria was easily invested. The sea was let into Mareotis. Menou was helpless within his fortifications, and his surrender merely a matter of time. But the General's strength had been over-taxed. The examination of his wounds showed that he had received a ball in the leg, which could not be extracted. He was nervous and anxious to resume his command, and could not be got to rest. At length gangrene set in, and a week after his victory he died.

## A MAN AND A BROTHER.

IN the early days of this present month of August a deputation, under the auspices of Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Daniel Grant, waited upon Mr. Shaw Lefevre to urge that the piece of ground fringing the southern bank of that part of the ornamental water in Regent's Park which lies between York and Hanover Gates should be no longer reserved for the delectation of those persons who paid two guineas yearly for the exclusive right of entrance, but should be thrown, with the rest of the Park, open to the general public. To this "A Resident in Wimpole Street" ventured, through the medium of a letter to the *Times*, to demur. His contention was that, with the exception of the gardens of Hamilton Place, the enclosure in question was the only piece of ground in all London in which children and ladies, not being resident in a square, could take exercise without danger of being molested by the omnipresent "rough"; that the parents of children, "whose bringing-up would render it undesirable to expose them to the language of the streets," and the children themselves were as much members of the "public," or of the "people," as even the Marylebone roughs themselves; and that the proposal to deprive the former of a place of security which they had hitherto enjoyed was entirely without justification or excuse. He wrote, he said, without any present personal feeling in the matter, for his own children, who had at one time used the enclosure daily, had now ceased to require it; but he recognized its value, for, without the shelter it had afforded them, he could as soon "have sent them to play in the Marylebone Road as in the Park." He drew an unpleasant but hardly overcharged picture of the kind of person to whose society he objected, and he concluded his demurrer in these words—"Surely, Sir, the needs of people who wash themselves and wear decent clothing, and use proper language, are not less worthy of the consideration of Government than those of the classes who do not fulfil any of these supposed conditions of civilized existence."

It had been better for that Resident that he had never been born, or at least that he had never chosen to live in Wimpole Street. The floodgates of philanthropy were loosed on his unhappy head. The *Pull Mall Gazette*, ever foremost in what Mr. Eccles (when he was about to convey his grandchild's coral for the price of a half-pint) called "the holy crusade of class against class," led the cry. It quoted the letter as "curiously illustrative of the tendency of certain persons to regard every one who does not wear a black coat as a rough." "The writer wishes to know," it went on, "whether it is not just as much the duty of Government to protect, for his innocent babes, the enclosed gardens, as to throw them open to the 'unwashed' barbarian. This sounds plausible enough, but then the publicity of Kensington Gardens does not prevent their being the playground of hordes of unwashed children; and, surely, to class every one who has not had a bath in the morning, and does not wear a black coat or a pink frock, as a rough, is a piece of unfounded insolence." Parenthetically, we may here observe, that as no such classification was attempted by this unfortunate Resident, the statement appears not wholly unlike a piece of "unfounded" nonsense; nor is it quite easy to follow the logic which illustrates the iniquity of an appeal for the privacy of one park with a description of the disagreeables arising from the publicity of another. But to resume. "If, moreover," continues the *Pull Mall Gazette*, "the writer wishes to prevent the 'people' from coming betwixt the wind and his youngsters' nobility, does it not behove him to establish his private nursery on private lands?" Writers in the *Pull Mall Gazette* are wont, like quiet Mr. Brown of the American ballad, to "be most sarcastic men"; but the sarcasm here, as indeed is so often the case with that style of writing, seems rather to have been attained at the expense not only of fact, but even of common sense. For here we have the Resident scornfully recommended to do the very thing he is anxious to do—that is, to keep certain lands in the possession of those who have hitherto enjoyed them, and who have, in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, as the Chief Commissioner of Works has himself confessed, an equitable right to their use which cannot be disputed. However, the *Pull Mall Gazette* was followed by Mr. Daniel Grant himself, who lifted up his voice, also in the *Times*, against "the maintenance of a distinct piece of class legislation." "It is the old, old argument," he said, "of the very superior person who feels contaminated by the presence of the multitude, and who desires to have specially selected spots of public property set apart for his exclusive use and benefit." Mr. Grant is pleased to think that there are "thousands of those who belong to the upper class of society" who think in no way nobly either of the sentiments or the reasoning of the Resident, and who, "on all matters that touch the legitimate rights of the people are warm and steady supporters of a free and generous interpretation of all such questions." In such respect, at least, we warmly share Mr. Grant's pleasure, but there is, in Mr. Montagu Tigg's figurative speech, "a most remarkably long-headed, flowing-bearded, and patriarchal proverb, which observes that it is the duty of a man to be just before he is generous"; and certainly we should be glad to know where those free and generous interpreters lived, and how far they were personally interested in this particular question, before attaching any very special weight to the warmth or steadiness of their support. It is obvious, for example, that denizens of Belgrave or Grosvenor or Eaton Square could plead the cause, to quote Mr. Eccles once more, "of the weak and lowly against the powerful and strong" without much fear of finding their own arguments turned against themselves.

A little unfortunately, perhaps, for Mr. Grant, he did enter into some of these details, when he asserted that "many of the householders who face the enclosure, and who are specially interested, are willing to aid in the movement." We say unfortunately, because his assertion was at once met with the counter-statement that a memorial was then being prepared by those very householders, remonstrating in the strongest manner against the proposed invasion of rights which were lawfully theirs, as we have said, in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown—an opinion which, it was further stated, the householders were quite prepared to put to the test in a court of justice, should it be necessary. Lastly, Mr. John Lloyd (writing, be it observed, from the Strand, which is at some little distance from the scene of action) urged as an additional argument in favour of Mr. Grant, and those about Mr. Grant, that this preserved enclosure cut off for nearly three-quarters of a mile all access to the Park from the Marylebone side; and this argument was in its turn met by the very simple and very obvious answer that the enclosure gives practically no access whatever to the Park, being divided from it throughout its whole length by the ornamental water, and that such access is attainable in that quarter only by the Hanover Gate Bridge, which is outside the enclosure, and open consequently to all wayfaring feet, whether rough or smooth.

It is unnecessary for us to say that we are not interested in the quarrel one way or other, which is certainly a pretty quarrel enough as it stands. The residents in Wimpole Street and fronting the debateable ground, and Mr. Grant, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the Marylebone rough, can all take very good care of themselves, especially the rough. We have only referred to it because it strikes us as "curiously illustrative" of a certain sort of bastard philanthropy which is very much in vogue at the present day, and which appears to us to be based not so much on the desire to do good to the lower as to do harm to the upper classes; to represent them as flippant, proud, and selfish, careless of all interests save their own, and ever ready to grind the faces of the poor in order to keep their own sleek and well-favoured. Now it has long been accepted as a fact against which there is no contending that our aristocracy is "materialized and null," and our middle class "purlind and hideous"; but a man may be null, or even hideous, and yet preserve some bowels of compassion for his even less happily gifted fellows. If there are some who "class every one who has not had a bath in the morning, or who does not wear a black coat or a pink frock, as a rough," there are no less surely some who class every one who has ideas of life and conduct differing from those in vogue among the lowest classes as a tyrant and an "aristocrat." Both are equally silly—one may say, perhaps, equally vicious—but the distinction in this particular instance is this, that the former of these two classifications has been formulated only to serve the purpose of a writer who out of his mouth is proved to have adopted the latter. Let us consider for a moment from an impartial point of view, from a point equidistant from Wimpole and Northumberland Streets, what it is these tyrannical and insolent householders are really pleading for. Is it, paraphrastically to employ a line of a once popular song, is it "to rob the poor man of his beer"? to take away from him that which is his, or even to bar him from the use and enjoyment of something which should be his? It is for none of these things they plead. There are ten parks in London, covering an area of ground which may be roughly estimated at two thousand acres. Out of these two thousand acres, open to every man, woman, and child, of what rank, degree, or occupation soever, are reserved fourteen for the use of certain persons. To these persons this small plot is of inestimable value; to the rest of their fellows it is of no more special worth than any other piece of grass in London. It is not pretended that those who do not possess the right of use have ever suffered from that want, or are among those now endeavouring to have the restriction removed. A privilege of great value to some four or five hundred persons, enjoyed by them at the cost of no single one of their fellows, is now, therefore, to be annulled, not to relieve suffering humanity, not to remove any unjust or dangerous barrier between classes, but solely to gratify the meddlesomeness or the prejudices of some few insignificant individuals. And because one of those specially concerned in the maintenance of this privilege—not to give it that name of right by which it seems it may honestly be called—and well aware what serious annoyance its loss would inflict on many unoffending women and children, ventures to plead in its behalf, he is accused of "insolence," of desiring to maintain "class legislation," of being a "superior person" who thinks himself

too bright and good

For human nature's daily food,

and heaven knows of what other base and degrading passions. Surely this is "too impudent a jest"! Let it be allowed, for the sake of argument, if the *Pall Mall Gazette* wishes it, that out of the bitterness of his heart the Resident has spoken something too generally; that all men who do not wash themselves, or go clad in garments of a subfusc hue, are not necessarily roughs. Let it be allowed, too, that were this Naboth's Vineyard to become public property, it would not at the same time become the habitual resort of the rough, and of him only, but that others, if not strictly lovely, at least of tolerably good report, would be found there, who might come betwixt the wind and the nobility even of Lord Claude Lollypop or Miss Snobky without much danger to the morals or manners of those gilded infants. Yet it is surely idle to say, as Mr. Grant has said, that

because the rough prefers the public-house to the park, he will never be found in the latter place. Who can say in what place open to him at his own sweet will he will not be found? He is found, for example, on the Thames Embankment, and found there, if all we have lately heard be true, in considerable force; yet, when set against the charms of the public-house, there can be no much greater power of attraction in the Thames Embankment than in Regent's Park. But let us, again for the sake of argument, allow that the rough would not avail himself of this new playing-ground. Others, at any rate, would, who, though excellent souls after their kind—and that, if Mr. Grant and the *Pall Mall Gazette* please, shall be of a much higher kind—cannot in truth be regarded as very desirable trainers and teachers of the young idea. Men and brothers they are, no doubt, and many manly and estimable qualities they possess; but others, too, they possess, inevitable, perhaps, to the accidents of fortune, but indisputably less estimable. Offences will come—at any rate they do come, and to assert that they exist only in the pampered imaginations of "superior persons" is the very last way in the world to remove them. These one-eyed philanthropists, so far from bringing to pass, as they apparently aim to do, the great "Federation of the World," the universal brotherhood of sweetness and light, when the lions of Marylebone shall lie down with the lambs of Wimpole Street, are really adopting the very surest means of retarding that pious consummation. Like his philosophical friend, of whom Mr. Froude somewhere tells us, they believe in the progress of humanity, but they cannot narrow their sympathies to so small a thing as their own native country. It is, in short, the "old, old story," to use Mr. Grant's words, of Mrs. Pardiggle over again. We all remember that lady's "knowledge of the poor," her "capacity of doing charitable business," her love of hard work, the impossibility of disheartening or fatiguing her. We all remember what these estimable qualities ended in. If the people of whom we have been speaking would avoid a similar fate, they must do what Erasmus advised the theologians to do who were sworn to Luther's destruction—they must scream less and think more.

#### THE FENAYROU CASE.

THE crime for which Marin, Lucien, and Gabrielle Fenayrou were tried and convicted at Versailles was of such an extraordinary nature, and the result of the trial was in one respect so different from the usual result of great criminal cases, that it is permissible to disregard the rule which condemns remarkable causes to oblivion after the lapse of a few days, and to speak of a conviction which took place as long ago as last week. Seldom has a more hideous tale of mystery and horror been told in a court of justice, and, strange to say, in spite of all that a court of justice—and that a French court—could do, it still remains but half told. Usually when there is a conviction in a great criminal case the facts are all fairly cleared up, and little room is left for any reasonable doubt on important points; but in *l'affaire Fenayrou* the trial has not by any means thoroughly dispelled the mystery which enveloped the crime. That Marin Fenayrou deserved death; that his wife was, if possible, more guilty than he, and merited the same punishment; and that Lucien Fenayrou deserved, at the very least, the sentence he received, can hardly be disputed by any one; but why they committed the murder is not easy to say. In spite of all that the French police, the President, and the Procureur de la République could do, only conjectural reasons could be found for the horrible act, and the ghastly story remains like the opening chapter in a criminal romance, in which the true cause of the crime is studiously concealed from the reader, who is left to exercise his ingenuity in guessing.

In order to show how peculiar this very remarkable case was, and to indicate the possible reasons for the murder, it is necessary, at the risk of repeating what is familiar, to recapitulate the facts somewhat fully. From the evidence given in the trial which took place at Versailles on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in last week, it appeared that Marin Fenayrou, the principal assassin, was a druggist by trade, and that for some time he bore a highly respectable character. In 1869 he entered the service of a widow named Gibon, who owned a druggist's shop, and she apparently found his character contrast most favourably with that of other assistants whom she had previously employed. After a time he bought the shop from her on credit, and, with that combination of business and sentiment which is so peculiarly French, asked for the hand of her daughter Gabrielle in marriage. Mme. Gibon seems to have given him her child willingly enough, but the girl, who was only seventeen years old, was said greatly to dislike the match, and even to have an aversion to Fenayrou. Although, however, as after events showed, ready enough to commit hideous sin, she was not prepared to disobey her mother, and she married him. In 1872, Aubert, the man who was afterwards murdered, entered Fenayrou's service, and he lived for two years on intimate terms with him and his wife. From the reports of the case it does not appear that during this time there was anything wrong in the relations between him and the young Mme. Fenayrou. In 1874 M. Aubert left the shop for the necessary period of military service. In 1876 he returned, and after a time became the lover, or rather one of the lovers, of Mme. Fenayrou, and apparently he and his mistress behaved in such a way that their liaison became known to many. It was strongly maintained by the prosecution, and to some extent

shown by evidence of no inconsiderable weight, that from an early date Fenayrou must have been aware of the relations between Aubert and his wife. These, indeed, were so notorious that he received a nickname in his quarter. In the year 1879 anonymous letters were sent him. Friends gave him hints, if indeed they did not give him more definite information. His brother-in-law stated that he was aware of the intrigue long ago, his brother Lucien was alleged to have spoken to him about it, and indeed he himself seems to have felt or affected indignation at times. The portress stated that she had often seen Gabrielle kiss her lover, and that all the house joked about the affair. There was then very strong evidence to justify the State Prosecutor's emphatic assertion that Fenayrou was for long aware of the adulterous intrigue between his wife and the assistant, and from their verdict the jury clearly seem to have considered that this assertion was borne out by the evidence. It should, however, be stated that in the confession, which will be presently spoken of, Fenayrou and his wife declared that he knew nothing of the relations between her and Aubert until March in the present year. They had very obvious reasons for making this statement, which was directly contradicted by part of the evidence for the prosecution. Amongst the great mass of evidence which was adduced was some very remarkable testimony, which possibly indicates the clue to the whole mysterious crime. Dr. Durand, in practice at St. Aubin-sur-Mer, knew Aubert's mother, and heard apparently of what was going on, and desiring, it would seem, to give the young man friendly advice, said to him once when he was at Aubin-sur-Mer that when people had set up in business they should avoid amourettes, especially with married women. Aubert answered that when one had people in one's power one did not fear them; and this singular reply, and the manner in which he made it, seem very deeply to have impressed his well-meaning counsellor, who drew the conclusion that there was a secret, perhaps relating to poisoning, between Fenayrou and Aubert.

In the years which followed Aubert's return to Fenayrou's shop the business of the latter gradually declined, and went from bad to worse. He neglected it himself, betted and gambled, cheating at cards, according to one witness. At last he got into such desperate straits for money that he forged labels of the Hunyadi Janos water, and put them on bottles which he filled with some concoction of his own. The fraud was discovered, and Fenayrou was tried and imprisoned for it. Before this misfortune befel him he had fallen out with his assistant, who, he alleged, had become overbearing and impertinent; and, after a good deal of quarrelling, Aubert was dismissed. After a time the relations between him and Mme. Fenayrou seem to have become much colder, and before Fenayrou resolved on murdering him they had apparently ceased altogether. The woman took another lover, and, in the curious French fashion, Aubert advertised for a wife. After the quarrel between Fenayrou and his assistant events occurred which seem to confirm the surmise of Dr. Durand. Aubert had in his possession some letters which the Fenayrous were very anxious to get from him. According to the Procureur de la République, they made numerous efforts to obtain possession of them. The woman's mother, Mme. Gibon, came to their aid, visited Aubert at his shop, and demanded the letters from him. He refused them; whereupon she called him *emaille*, struck him in the face, and told him he would repent acting thus. Aubert after this wrote to Mme. Fenayrou a very guarded letter, in which he demanded an interview with her and her husband. It is to be observed that this seems just such a course as might be pursued by a man who desired to tell his enemies that, if they continued to persecute him, he would reveal everything, come what might, but who was too cautious to put the threat in writing. If the letters were nothing but the silly effusions of Mme. Fenayrou, who probably had written love letters to many men, it is difficult to see what was to be gained by the interview which Aubert asked for.

According to the culprits' confessions, it was only a short time before the scene with Mme. Gibon that Fenayrou became certain of his wife's infidelity with Aubert. He picked up, it was said, an envelope addressed to her in Aubert's handwriting, and there was a violent scene between them. Three days afterwards, on the husband's promising to forgive whatever might have happened, the wife confessed everything, and the husband declared his intention of killing her sometime paramour, and said that if she refused to aid him, he would kill their two children. Awed by this tremendous threat, she agreed to help him to assassinate Aubert. The mother then made the attempt to get possession of the letters which has just been described, and, after it had failed, the plan for the murder was devised. Fenayrou hired a lonely house, at Chatou, near Paris, and his wife, by his direction, wrote an affectionate letter to Aubert proposing a rendezvous. No answer came to this, and a second letter of the same kind was answered by a frigid refusal to see her. Thereupon Fenayrou declared, according to his own account, that since the man could not be enticed by sentiment, he should be enticed by mercenary means, and a third letter was written offering Aubert 2,000 francs if he would come. It is not necessary to point out the extreme improbability of parts of this story. We do not gather from the reports whether the third letter to Aubert was found and produced in court, but, in any case, it is certain that by some means Aubert was induced to promise to meet Mme. Fenayrou. To kill him the husband made full preparation. He first of all bought a wolf or wild boar trap, in which he intended literally to catch his

victim; but on consideration he abandoned this idea, and, fearing that he and his wife might not be able to do the work between them, called to his aid his brother Lucien, who, with astounding facility, consented to aid him. On May 18, the day fixed for the murder, the three went to Chatou and got everything in readiness, and then returned to Paris and dined tranquilly at a restaurant. When dinner was over, the brothers started again for Chatou, and Mme. Fenayrou went to church, where she remained for an hour. At the appointed time she met her former lover in the Passage du Havre, and they went down to Chatou together. After they entered the house she contrived that he should leave his hat in the passage, so that his head might be bare for the murderer to strike. From the passage she led him into the room where Fenayrou was concealed, and lighted a candle there. As soon as she had done this, her husband appeared from behind the door, and struck Aubert on the neck with the hammer. Whether Mme. Fenayrou actually held him in her arms, so as to prevent him defending himself at this moment or later on, and whether she or her husband finally stabbed him with a sword-stick, is not clear. Fenayrou declared that he stabbed him, saying, "Misérable, tu m'as fait souffrir par le cœur et tu périras par le cœur," which is just such a piece of melodramatic rubbish as a French criminal would be likely to invent. What is certain is, that the man's skull was beaten in, and that he was also stabbed. When the butchery was finished, the body was stripped, some lead gas-piping was wound round it, to make it sink, and it was carried away and thrown into the Seine. The lead-piping used was not, it seems, heavy enough, and in time the corpse rose, and after the police, who do not seem to have been very expeditious in the matter, had made full inquiries, the Fenayrous were arrested.

What is extraordinary about their crime, and distinguishes it from most of the great crimes on record, is its apparently motiveless character. It may be said, of course, that Fenayrou killed Aubert because Aubert was his wife's lover, and that a stronger reason for killing a man than this can hardly be; but, as we have endeavoured to point out, the evidence does not support this view, simple as it seems at first sight. It was apparently shown at the trial that Fenayrou must have been cognizant for long of his wife's infidelity. The evidence tended to prove that, though now and then roused to anger, he was in the main indifferent to his wife's irregularities, gross as they were; and, when Aubert grew cold, she immediately consoled herself with another lover without seemingly any objection on the part of her husband. It seems absurd to suppose that a man who ignored a liaison which was the talk of the whole neighbourhood, and then another which followed it, would suddenly be roused to frantic jealousy by the sight of an envelope addressed to his wife; and it seems equally absurd to suppose that a husband who put up with his wife's infidelity for years would, when one intrigue had come to an end, and had been succeeded by another, suddenly turn round and kill the first paramour, while acquiescing in, or at all events remaining singularly blind to, the second liaison. It seems difficult to doubt that the State Prosecutor was right in maintaining that the desire to be revenged for a foul wrong was not what prompted Fenayrou to murder Aubert. What, then, was the motive for this hideous assassination? The question will probably never be answered with certainty, or with anything approaching to certainty, but we have endeavoured to show that it may be answered conjecturally. Perhaps this great crime points to another and equally dark crime behind. The strange expression used by Aubert to Dr. Durand, the strenuous attempts to obtain the letters, the determination to get rid of the man at all hazards, his desire for an interview, all tend to show that he had some power over Fenayrou, due perhaps to knowledge of a crime committed by Fenayrou, which drove the latter to desperation. This view was taken by the Judge, and must have been taken by the jury, as they must have thought that Fenayrou did not kill Aubert because Aubert was his wife's lover, or they would not have found him, as they did, guilty of murder, and have allowed extenuating circumstances in the case of the wife. French juries have no tolerance for marital infidelity, and have considerable sympathy for husbands who avenge their wrongs by killing the men who have outraged them. The jury, then, must have accepted the arguments of the Judge and of the State Prosecutor, and probably they were right in doing so. It cannot, however, be said that the matter was made clear, or nearly clear. Although there are some grounds for the hypothesis we have put forward, its truth is far from being demonstrated. When French justice takes a case in hand, it usually gets to the bottom of it; but here it does not possess *le mot de l'énigme*, and, unless a further confession by the convicts explains everything, the Chatou murder will probably remain one of the most mysterious crimes on record.

#### THE THEATRES.

TO what base uses names as well as men may return! It is difficult to avoid some such reflection as this in looking at the entertainment provided for playgoers at certain London theatres during the autumn season. That the same name—melodrama—should contain at once such work as that of the great Dumas, and, to mention an equally great melodramatist, as that of Bouchardy, and such stuff as that which is put before the audiences who go to Drury Lane to see *Puck*, is remarkable enough. Nor need we go

back to the time of Bouchardy to find reason for surprise. The aged playgoer who remembers the production by M. Fechter of a piece called *The Golden Daggers* at the Princess's Theatre, and who also remembers that it met with but scant applause, may well be astonished when he reads the laudatory notices of *Pluck* quoted in the daily papers. We have selected this now almost forgotten piece as an illustration, because, if it is true that it did not deserve to succeed, it is certainly true that it deserved to succeed infinitely more than such a production as *Pluck* deserves to succeed. It was full of absurdities and impossibilities, but there was a kind of thread to string it together. Its scenic effects were not less striking, and were immeasurably more artistic, than those of the plays which it has become the rule to produce at Drury Lane at this time of the year. It was well acted throughout, and there was something, extravagant and wild enough indeed, but still something, for the actors to deal with. M. Fechter played the hero, and there is little need to say anything as to the respective merits of M. Fechter and Mr. Augustus Harris; M. Fechter was responsible for the stage management and the scenic effects; and here, again, there is little need to suggest any comparison between the manager of *The Golden Daggers* and the manager of *Pluck*. *The Golden Daggers* was full of wild surprises and "effects," but they all had some connexion with the action of the piece. M. Fechter, if we remember rightly, appeared as a Mexican chief, who was temporarily disguised and employed as a hired piano-player at an evening party. There was a wicked Baronet upon whom the Mexican had vowed vengeance, and there was a wicked money-lender upon whom a Red Indian had vowed vengeance. There were, of course, all kinds of difficulties before the vengeance were attained; there was a scene in a thieves' cellar, at the end of which the whole scene, with the people engaged in it, sank bodily through the stage; and there was a final scene, arranged with rare skill and beauty of decoration, on the banks of the Thames, during which there was a desperate combat with knives between the Baronet and the Mexican, and at the end of which the Red Indian deliberately pulled on his moccasins (which he had hitherto refused to wear) as a sign that he had got rid of the wicked money-lender. Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Miss Elsworthy, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Shore, Mr. Widdicombe, and, above all, M. Fechter, brought their skill of acting to bear upon this piece, a piece which was by no means ill written.

To say that *Pluck* is well written, or well arranged, or even well stage-managed, would be to commit oneself to a singularly rash statement. There is in a sense plenty of situation in it, but the authors' sense of "situation" is far removed, indeed, from that of the dramatists and playwrights to whom they would have done well to turn for instruction. The piece is wanting entirely in the one thing necessary to a decent play—human interest. There is a good young man, and there is a bad young man; there is a feeble old man, who is pretty soon disposed of, and there is a benevolent old man, who gets set upon by an impossible crowd in an impossible siege of a London bank, and whose wig is arranged to display revolting and needless evidences of his having been "cut over" with a brickbat or a bludgeon. There is a young woman, played by that excellent actress Miss Lydia Foote, who has practically nothing to do. There are scenes which seem to have mighty little to do with each other, and there is a conclusion with the tolerably well-worn device of a burning house, which is no conclusion, since it is impossible to guess what becomes of the chief characters. The bad young man is incredibly bad, the good young man incredibly good; the effect of what is presumably the "sensation" scene is amazingly puerile and feeble. It was more ambitious than wise from any point of view to aim at representing the wreck of a railway train, complicated with a subsequent collision with another train, in full view of the audience and close down to the float; but such an ambition might surely, in these days of stage carpenters' ingenuity, have found some better method of gratification than that which is found at Drury Lane. The spectacle of a toy train, heralded by a vast smell of squibs, coming on to the stage at a snail's pace, its engine upsetting over a sleeper (which one man, by no means robust in health or strength, has torn up without difficulty), and gravely turning over on its side and lying there amid a burning of red fire until another toy-engine comes on in an opposite direction and goes through a like performance with equal gravity, is as childish a thing as has been seen upon the stage. That in a collision intended to be so serious nobody should seem to be hurt is, in a production of this sort, not worth mentioning. Not less outrageous, perhaps more outrageous, since railway collisions, however poorly they may be indicated on the stage, do occur in real life, is the attack referred to on a London bank. Here there is a great shouting and throwing of dummy brickbats, and one pane of real glass well down the stage is broken with much ceremony. What this has to do with the action of the piece, and why so monstrously absurd a scene should be gratuitously introduced, it is not more easy to discover than why the bad young man should murder the feeble banker (having conveniently slipped away from his handcuffs and the collision in order to do so, and to prove in some unknown way an alibi), and then, proposing to conceal the body in the strong room, which, according to the invariable rule of real life, is part of the banker's drawing-room, should find himself face to face with a creature of his own who has got shut up in the strong room. But, indeed, it would be idle to discuss such a piece as *Pluck* at all, were it not for the quoted notices referred to—notice which seem to argue a curious, and a not altogether pleasing, change of

critical attitude. It is seldom that a really good play or really good piece of acting escapes recognition at the hands of critics; but the value of this recognition is hardly increased by the fact of its being extended also to such plays as *Pluck*, and especially to one such piece of acting as is to be found in it.

A "melodrama," for it is difficult to find any other name for it, of another and a different sort has been introduced at Her Majesty's by an American company. This, which purports to be a dramatic version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is not less a succession of incoherent scenes than is the piece to which we have already referred. Mrs. Stowe's novel is so generally known that it is possible to pick out the pieces, so to speak; whereas one would be sorry to think that any given novelist had, consciously or unconsciously, provided the materials for *Pluck*. There is at least some kind of human interest in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, however much it may be distorted, and it is certainly distorted a good deal. As in *Pluck* the wretchedly-managed railway disaster seems to assert itself as a sensational attraction of the piece, so as to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, posters and advertisements have been largely employed to draw attention to the "trained bloodhounds" which are brought on the stage to pursue Eliza in her perilous flight over the ice. The scene of the river with breaking ice, it may be admitted, is well managed—better managed, indeed, than anything that is to be seen at Drury Lane. To what breed of dogs the "trained bloodhounds" belong it would be difficult for any one but an expert to determine. They appear to be gentle creatures, with possibly unnecessary muzzles, who do their barking and spiriting with much grace and discretion. The piece—if it can be called a piece—consists of an alternation of what we may call "religion" and "revolver" scenes. That the pious scenes should be in the best taste is not to be expected, and indeed it may be doubted whether the Licensor of Plays might not have done well to exercise his discretionary power with regard to them. The spectacle of a man with a blacked face singing hymns and uttering prayerful sentiments to a precocious little girl—who ought to be at home and in bed—on the stage, is by no means pleasing, and still less pleasing is the travesty subsequently presented of the deathbed of the same little girl surrounded by adoring friends and relations. The Licensor may, no doubt, have his reasons for letting these things pass unchallenged, but, as he has done so, there seems to be no logical excuse for the action which he took as regards the prologue to *Mefistofele*. It is perfectly true that he improved *Mefistofele*, both from the point of view of taste and of that of art, by what he did, but it is equally true that, in leaving untouched a scene which is calculated to offend all really religious people, to say nothing of the scenes which go in the same direction in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, he may be thought to have been wanting in discretion. For the rest, it remains to be said that there is some clever acting in the hash of Mrs. Stowe's novel, notably in the "revolver" scenes, but that the whole thing, apart from the objections which we have found, is curiously wearisome and depressing.

At the Adelphi Mr. Warner's fine temperament and undoubted resources are thrown away upon a revival of *Drink*, Mr. Charles Reade's English dramatic version of M. Zola's sickening novel. This is yet another kind of "melodrama"—in some ways a better kind, since a work of Mr. Charles Reade's could hardly be entirely without literary merit; in another way a worse kind, since the literary and dramatic merit is, so far as one can judge, entirely subordinated to the repulsive and uninteresting scene in which Mr. Warner has the task of simulating as best he can the physical horrors of the effect of a bottle of brandy on a man to whom brandy is poison. It matters little whether Mr. Reade or the French dramatist is responsible for the gross improbabilities of this scene, amongst which is that of a patient being sent out starving and in a completely unsafe state from a first-rate hospital. One can only be sorry that Mr. Reade wrote it, and that Mr. Warner has to play it.

At the Savoy, which certainly answers its reputation of being the coolest theatre in London, *Patience* still runs its course, and its long continuance seems not to have told upon the vivacity and care of its chief performers, notably of Mr. Grossmith, whose Bunthorne is as well conceived, as funny, and as well sung as ever. It is only to be regretted that time has not had the effect of improving Mr. Barrington's curiously and persistently false intonation. There is, perhaps, no reason why *Patience* should ever stop; but, at the same time, we trust that certain rumours as to the revival of *The Sorcerer*, perhaps the best of the whole series of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, may not be unfounded.

## REVIEWS.

### MITRA'S INDO-ARYANS.\*

THIS is one of the multitude of books made up of old materials, the appearance of which in a connected form is the result of an afterthought. Most men who write at all have written for periodicals of one kind or another; and, as contributions to journals and newspapers are apt to be forgotten, the temptation to dig them

\* *Indo-Aryans: Contributions towards the Elucidation of their Ancient and Medieval History.* By Rājendralāla Mitra, LL.D., C.I.E. London and Calcutta. 1881.

up from their graves and bring them out in a new dress is widely felt, and is perhaps natural. The wisdom or folly of this course depends entirely on the nature of the materials brought out of their old resting-places. In a large number of cases common prudence would leave them undisturbed; but there are some exceptions, and we are disposed to think that the case of Mr. Mitra is one of them. Not a few of the chapters in these two volumes of papers, contributed chiefly to the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, touch on questions which can scarcely be regarded as definitively settled, and which for all genuine historical students possess both interest and importance. Our ideas of the Aryan conquerors of India are by no means what they were thirty or forty years ago; but there are reasons for thinking that they differed from their descendants even more widely than scholars generally are aware, and on this subject Mr. Mitra submits to us some remarkable evidence and some strange illustrations. A good deal has been written lately about caste; but Mr. Mitra's remarks may be reasonably taken into consideration even by those who may think that Professor Max Duncker, in his "History of Antiquity," has left little more to be said on the matter. Mr. Mitra has, however, a more cogent reason for re-opening some questions which he handles pretty thoroughly in his opening chapters; nor are we disposed to say that the reason which satisfies himself is without force for others. If a mistake has been made which, unless it be corrected, must distort our conceptions of Aryan life in India before the rise of Buddhism, and lead to like blunders about the course of things elsewhere, it is well to see what may be done towards ascertaining the real facts of the case.

To some, perhaps to many, of his English readers, it will be no cause for surprise that Mr. Mitra's complaint should lie against one who professes to speak with peculiar, and indeed with unique, authority. The matter as to which he feels himself specially aggrieved is one which relates to architecture; and on all points falling within the domain of this, the queen or mistress of all arts, we know, or at least we have been told, that there is no one whose words may be set in the balance with the dicta of Mr. Fergusson. His name, indeed, carries us back to controversies extended over more than a generation, and as to which we scarcely venture to say that they are closed, although from want of due enlightenment we might suppose that they were. By some strange fate the impression left on our memory is that in these controversies Mr. Fergusson was always in the wrong, although he will have it that he was always right, and that indubitably. The impression left on the mind of Mr. Rājendralāla Mitra is precisely the same; and perhaps we may be not far wrong in suspecting that Mr. Fergusson is armed against expostulations which may come from him or from any one else by the triple armour of a knowledge which he shares with no one else. He speaks, indeed, as nothing less than a prophet; and prophets usually have no great liking for those who presume to question or to contradict their utterances. Unluckily, he has never been able to get a large following. Circumstances have always been against him. When he propounded his theory—we ought rather to say when he announced the fact—that the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem was a forgery of the Crusading ages, and that the real church built by Constantine over the grave of the Saviour was none other than the building known as the Mosque of Omar, he was at once grieved and wroth at finding that he was speaking in a language not understood of the people, and that the few who were versed in it were altogether against him. In this country, it seems that there was only one man who was qualified, "both by his knowledge of architecture and of the authorities, to give a decided opinion on the subject," and this was Professor Willis. But, as ill-luck would have it, Professor Willis had publicly committed himself to the conclusion that the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands on the foundations of a building raised by Constantine, but subsequently destroyed. Mr. Lewin agreed with Professor Willis; but then Mr. Lewin knew nothing whatever of architecture. Count de Vogüé knew a good deal; but he, too, chose the wrong path, either because "his opinions were biased by sincere devotion to his infallible Church," or because he reasoned after a method which was wholly beyond Mr. Fergusson's comprehension. In short, neither these men nor sundry other critics whom he summarily set aside as hopelessly incompetent would admit his claims to reconstruct the architectural history of Palestine or any other country in obedience to his sense of the course which things ought to have taken, if they did not take them.

If the mission of a prophet cannot be lightly taken up, it cannot be lightly put aside; and the problems relating to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are not the only puzzles which a power of divination, founded like Niebuhr's on a wide and vast experience, can alone be expected to solve. Historical, or professedly historical, records declared that the Church of the Sepulchre had been more than once mutilated, burnt, and destroyed; but Mr. Fergusson's Church of the Sepulchre stood pretty nearly as Constantine had left it. It was, therefore, so much the worse for the records. With the earlier stone or brick buildings of India, time had not dealt so gently. In fact, they had vanished away altogether, and Mr. Fergusson has come across none which could be assigned to an earlier age than that of Asoka; and even of this age scarcely any buildings remained except some monolith columns, nearly forty-three feet long, with an average diameter of two feet and a half. Hence Mr. Fergusson concludes that in India stone architecture began in the time of Asoka; and this he declares to be a fact on which too great stress cannot possibly be laid; while, again, the fact of its introduction at this particular time is proof in-

debatable that the Hindus were taught to build in stone by the Greeks. It was the Græco-Baktrian kingdom of the successors of Alexander which was the source of all that may be really called art for India. Before the invasion of Alexander the builder might use bricks or stones as a foundation for his structures; but he was unable to put on them anything more than wretched wooden sheds, while the art of the sculptor or the painter was conspicuous by its absence.

There may be, perhaps, a serene height on which we may learn to look on all such questions with supreme indifference. After all, what does it matter whether Asoka learnt the art of using stone in building from Alexander or his successors, or whether these learnt it from Asoka? Why should we take trouble in ascertaining whether the art of India was indigenous or exotic? What difference does it make whether the Hindu was a mere copyist, utterly unable to originate an idea or realize a thought of his own, or whether he was endowed with a genius not unworthy to be compared with that of Iktinos or of Pheidias? Mr. Mitra, it seems, has not risen to these lofty tablelands of philosophic tranquillity. He is still in bondage to facts, and to the records of facts, and he holds that the evidence for these facts is immeasurably more weighty than the merely negative appearances on which alone Mr. Fergusson can rely for the acceptance of his theories. Most of the old stone buildings of India are gone; but, instead of jumping to Mr. Fergusson's conclusion that they never existed, he is stupid enough to remember that "Moslem fanaticism, which, after repeated incursions, reigned supreme in India for six hundred years, devastating everything Hindu, and converting every available temple, or its materials, into a masjid, or a palace, or a heap of ruins, was alone sufficient to sweep away everything in the way of sacred buildings." He is also ill advised enough to bring together a number of considerations, if they may not be called facts, which seem to the uninitiated to be completely destructive of Mr. Fergusson's positions. The first consideration rises from these very pillars, which Mr. Fergusson holds to be strictly monumental, as indeed they are. So far agreeing with him, Mr. Mitra perversely refuses to believe that "those who, until then, lived in thatched huts, and could not put even rubble stone together to make their dwellings, went, against the natural order of things which requires that houses should long precede monumental columns, to the trouble and expense of putting them up merely for purposes of display and ostentation." It seems that people who knew nothing of quarrying and cutting could never have shaped or removed these gigantic monoliths; and Mr. Mitra cannot bring himself to think either that Asoka, if he had never seen a stone building, would send to a distant country for quarriers, masons, and sculptors, or that architects and masons in search of employment would seek work in a place where stone and brick houses were unknown, any more than he can believe that Rosa Bonheur or Landseer would think of opening a studio in the capital of Dahomey.

But, even if he were to allow that Asoka did somehow get some master-workmen from Greece or from the Baktrian Greeks, he would be confronted, he confesses, with a difficulty still more perplexing. Such workmen, the light of nature would lead him to suppose, would surely reproduce the forms to which they had been accustomed, and with the details and spirit of which they were familiar. Strange to say, they did nothing of the kind, and the forms of architecture, as of other art, in India exhibit a character as different from that of the Greek as the latter differs from the art of Assyria or of Egypt. The simplicity of Mr. Dutt's surmise reminds us of a like perplexity in the matter of the rude stone monuments of Britain. Perhaps not many may remember that, according to Mr. Fergusson, the great megalithic structures of Stonehenge and Avebury belong to an age succeeding the downfall of Roman dominion in this island; that they are, in fact, monuments raised by the troops of King Arthur, because they could not write, and yet did not like to disappear from the changeful scene of mortal life without leaving some sort of record of their exploits behind them. In the course of two or three generations they were driven westwards to the mountains by the merciless German invaders; and in this short period between the departure of the Roman legions and the inroads of the Teutonic tribes, the Britons put up such megalithic edifices as remain to us at the present day. The Britons, Mr. Fergusson admits, had been for something like four centuries familiarized with the forms of Roman buildings, Roman sculpture, and Roman painting; nay, they had themselves been the instruments used in raising these structures, and in decorating them. For them Roman art had no mysteries, and they were well versed in the practice of Roman construction; yet, with an unerring instinct, they went back, as Mr. Fergusson would have us believe, to the methods of their forefathers who had encountered the legions of Cæsar, and the men who had helped to build the basilica of Silbury took to setting up masses of unhewn stone, and placing horizontal slabs on the top of them.

Not content with this, Mr. Mitra goes on to speak of facts inconsistent with Mr. Fergusson's theory, and to adduce, in support of these facts, the weighty testimony of General Cunningham, who assigns the Baithak of Jarāsandha and the walls of old Rājagriha to a time more remote than the fifth century before the Christian era. In this building the stones are not dressed; but they are fitted together, we are told, "with great care and ingenuity, and the skill of the builder has been proved by the stability of his structure, which is still perfectly sound, after the lapse of twenty-three centuries." If a difficulty should be raised on the score that

the stones here are unhewn, he points "to the other cave of Sonbhandar, which is entirely a chisel-cut chamber with a pointed-arched roof and a square-headed door and window." But he lays even greater stress on the evidence of language, and we confess that to us he seems to have good reason for so doing. The grammar of Pānini, which belongs to a time preceding the Christian era by perhaps a millennium, could scarcely have words for bricks, pillars, sculptors, buildings, and many more, if nothing answering to these names or labels was in existence. None probably will venture on assigning the Mahabharata and the Ramayana to an age as late as that of Asoka; and these poems speak of "arched gateways," "masonry houses," "assembly halls," "steeples," and "palaces." No notion of the exaggerations of epic fiction affects the question here at issue. We may hold, if we please, that the descriptions given of these buildings are as much over-coloured as the fancies engendered in the imagination of a Spanish beggar; we may, in short, put them on the same level with the pictures drawn in the Iliad of the palaces and gardens of Alkinoos. No doubt, brazen walls, golden doors, and silver string-courses have never been seen in any earthly abodes, any more than mortal eyes have rested on breathing and moving maidens wrought of solid gold; but we never heard of any critic who ventured from the fact of these exaggerations to rush to the conclusion that the poets of the Iliad or the Odyssey had no houses with doors or string-courses or statues. The language of the poem is indisputable evidence for the existence of the things of which they speak, although the actual specimens before them may have been wretchedly mean and poor. The plea that the houses of Hastinapura or other cities in the Hindu epic poems were mud and mat hovels is worth nothing. To a great extent the cities of Benares, Agra, Delhi, Calcutta consist of such hovels to the present day; and the absurdity of reasoning from the presence of such hovels to the complete absence of stone structures is ludicrously plain. In short, the refutation of Mr. Fergusson seems to be tolerably complete; and, if this had been the only motive impelling Mr. Mitra to republish these papers, we should have been disposed to say that this would suffice. But his volumes introduce us to other matters, about which he has much to teach us, and which are treated with equal clearness and force. Some of these we should have been glad to notice; but enough perhaps has been said to show that Mr. Mitra writes with a full knowledge of his subject, and that he is able to make use of his knowledge to excellent purpose.

#### THE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.\*

SINCE the days of Athos, Count de la Fère, and of the other Count of Monte Cristo, we have not met in fiction a more attractive personage than Prince Florizel of Bohemia, who is the central figure of Mr. Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*. He combines the dauntless courage and the *grand seigneur* ways and views of life of Athos with the boundless wealth and resource of Monte Cristo, while he has also a princely gaiety and good humour which belonged to neither of the illustrious persons to whom we have compared him. The stories in which he figures, and of which we may try to give such an account as will not spoil their interest for readers, are some of the most thrilling and inventive that we have read. They have indeed, and in this we pay their author a very high compliment, not a little of the magnificent extravagance that lent so great a charm to the stories written by the creator of Athos and Monte Cristo. Their faults are faults which are the more irritating because they could have been so easily removed. They lack finish and care. One is annoyed in the middle of an exciting tale to come upon such a slip on the part of the author as his representing a lieutenant in the British army as being introduced and addressed with "Lieutenant" prefixed to his name; or, again, at finding that a person living on one side of a canal has seemingly crossed over to the other side and swum back again with a knife in his mouth, for no other reason than that he may appear dripping wet before the people who are waiting concealed for him. In the same story we hear of "a very tall black man with a heavy stoop" who refuses to accede to a certain extravagant proposition with a weight and impressiveness of manner and speech that lead us to suppose he knows something of what is going on and is going to play an important part in the action. One turns page after page in the expectation of hearing something more of the very tall black man with the heavy stoop, and he never appears again. Such slips as these, however, we can forgive far more easily than the curiously ill-judged burlesque ending which Mr. Stevenson has put to the adventures of Prince Florizel and Colonel Geraldine, who corresponds to the Vizier in "The Thousand and One Nights." The reader has followed the fortunes and the amazing and stirring adventures of the Prince with unwavering interest which suffers but little from such pieces of carelessness as are above referred to. He reads anxiously up to the last line of the last adventure, and he might be content to rest there, wishing indeed for more, but thankful for the enjoyment which he has got, and free to form his own conclusions as to the secret of the Prince's mysterious influence and power and as to his future fortunes. Then Mr. Stevenson turns round upon the reader with a statement that "as for the Prince, that sublime person having now served his turn,

may go, along with the *Arabian Author*, topsy-turvy into space." This is, at least in the original sense of the word, impertinent enough; not to the purpose, since no reader of intelligence can wish to be reminded that Prince Florizel is merely a device of Mr. Stevenson who has "served his turn." But the statement which follows for the benefit of those imaginary persons who "insist on more specific information" is much worse. Nothing could well be more inartistic, or more calculated to offend a reader whose admiration for the Prince and for the invention to which he and his delightful adventures are due has been so long aroused, than to suddenly find him disposed of with such a feeble and facetious conclusion as one might expect to find given by an unwise imitator of Mr. Gilbert's style of humour. We could wish indeed that this last paragraph of Mr. Stevenson's first volume could be blacked out like articles supposed to be dangerous in English newspapers sent to Russia. However, until one comes to this last paragraph, there is little but pleasure to be got out of the *New Arabian Nights*, with their striking fertility of invention, their charming touch of a chivalry which is by no means too common either in real life or in fiction, and that other quality of the author's, also by no means too common, of making his readers sup full with horrors and yet putting no offence in it. Even another quality, in itself a fault, that of a seeming disinclination to be at the trouble of unravelling various threads in the stories, is not without its attraction, since it leaves an additional element of mystery for the reader's mind to play with. Yet the author has not shrunk, in the paragraph above referred to, from pulling down the whole fabric of splendour and knightly valour which he has raised for our delight, and suddenly turning the dazzling figure of a hero who in the thick of modern life meets with adventures, and does deeds not less startling than those of the *Mousquetaires*, into the common type of foreign refugee with which we are only too familiar in the pages of many would-be comic writers. However, this unpleasant surprise comes at the very end of the *New Arabian Nights*, and therefore in no way injures the enjoyment of reading the stories through straight on end, as they are certain to be read by any one who once takes the book up.

The first story in the series, a series which up to the very end is constantly full of new surprises and of daring and successful touches of character, is called "The Suicide Club," with the subtitle of "Story of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts." Prince Florizel and his Master of the Horse, Colonel Geraldine, each disguised, are walking about near Leicester Square in search of adventures, and turn into an oyster bar, where their attention is caught by the strange eccentricity of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts. They carry him to dinner at a restaurant in Soho, and the speech with which the Prince addresses him after dinner is at once attractive and characteristic both of the author and of the traits which he assigns to Prince Florizel:—"You will, I am sure, pardon my curiosity. What I have seen of you has greatly pleased but even more puzzled me. And though I should be loth to seem indiscreet, I must tell you that my friend and I are persons very well worthy to be entrusted with a secret. We have many of our own, which we are continually revealing to improper ears. And if, as I suppose, your story is a silly one, you need have no delicacy with us, who are two of the silliest men in England. We pass our lives entirely in the search for extravagant adventures; and there is no extravagance with which we are not capable of sympathy." Thus adjured by the Prince, who passes under the name of Mr. Godall, while Colonel Geraldine assumes that of Major Hammersmith, the Young Man proceeds to recount his history.

The story of the Young Man in its essence is ordinary enough, though it is told with great brevity in a manner which is far from ordinary, but its telling is the first link in the chain of wonderful things which befall Prince Florizel and his associates. In the first place it leads to the Prince and the Colonel accompanying the Young Man to the Suicide Club, a place so remarkable and so full of character that we had better leave it to speak for itself. In the second it leads to the Prince vowing vengeance against the infamous President of this Club, a vengeance which he proposes to attain with the chivalry which is part of his nature, and it is the pursuit of this vengeance which serves in the most natural way to introduce us to the extravagant and charming events and characters that fill the stories. As we have said, the nature of these is such that to attempt any description of them would be to spoil them. Their attractiveness is unique. It is not altogether easy to select any one of them for special praise, inasmuch as all have admirable points. Perhaps, however, "The Adventure of the Hansom Cabs" is, artistically considered, the best, as it is certainly not the least surprising of them all, although it contains more than one of the slips on the author's part of which we have spoken. It closes the first series of Prince Florizel's adventures, and in it the Prince obtains the just vengeance for which he has paid a tolerably heavy price. When, having done the object of his quest the honour of crossing swords with him and so killing him with his own hand, he comes back to those who are anxiously awaiting the result, he says:—

"I am ashamed of my emotion; I feel it is a weakness unworthy of my station; but the continued existence of that hound of hell had begun to prey upon me like a disease, and his death has more refreshed me than a night of slumber. Look, Geraldine," he continued, throwing his sword upon the floor, "there is the blood of the man who killed your brother. It should be a welcome sight. And yet," he added, "see how strangely we men are made! My revenge is not yet five minutes old, and already I am beginning to ask myself if even revenge be attainable on this precarious stage of life. The ill he did, who can undo it? The career in which he

\* *New Arabian Nights*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

amassed a huge fortune (for the house itself in which we stand belonged to him)—that career is now a part of the destiny of mankind for ever; and I might weary myself making thrusts in carte until the crack of judgment, and Geraldine's brother would be none the less dead, and a thousand other innocent persons would be none the less dishonoured and debauched! The existence of a man is so small a thing to take, so mighty a thing to employ! Alas!" he cried, "is there anything in life so disenchanting as attainment?"

"God's justice has been done," replied the Doctor. "So much I behold. The lesson, your Highness, has been a cruel one for me; and I await my own turn with deadly apprehension."

"What was I saying?" cried the Prince. "I have punished, and here is the man beside us who can help me to undo. Ah, Dr. Noel! you and I have before us many a day of hard and honourable toil; and perhaps, before we have done, you may have more than redeemed your early errors."

"And in the meantime," said the Doctor, "let me go and bury my oldest friend."

Not less startling than the first series which ends thus is the second series of the Nights, which has the general title of "The Rajah's Diamond," and not less instinct with a noble, yet reckless, justice is its conclusion. Through all the stories there runs a vein of exaltation, which is more than enough to carry off their extravagance and to make a reader both believe and delight in them, and all of them are full, underneath the extravagance, of true and happy turns of thought and expression. In "The Pavilion on the Links," which occupies a considerable part of Mr. Stevenson's second volume, we get upon slightly different grounds. Extravagance is here replaced by wild but serious adventures, which are so told as to carry with them a complete air of probability. Nothing could be more exciting in its way than the dangers which Northmour and his friends run while they live prepared for a siege from their mysterious enemies in a house on the Links. But the story has rarer qualities than skilful management of exciting incidents to recommend it. The characters of Northmour, of Cassilis, of Clara, and of the repulsive, canting, fraudulent banker are all, from the nature of the case, little more than sketches in extent; but the touch is at once so bold and fine that the characters are anything rather than sketchy in the ordinary sense of the word. We get an impression of knowing them, as in real life one may know certain people of marked personality after but few and brief meetings. The story has yet another quality—pathos—which is very seldom put forth by writers of fiction, as it here is, with perfect taste. Throughout the story of Clara and Cassilis there runs an exquisite and dignified tenderness, of which some idea may be conveyed by the following description of one of their meetings on the Links just before Cassilis joins the garrison in the Pavilion:—

It was, perhaps, half-past seven, or nearer eight, before I saw the door open, and that dear figure came towards me in the rain. I was waiting for her on the beach before she had crossed the sand-hills.

"I have had such trouble to come," she cried. "They did not wish me to go walking in the rain."

"Clara," I said, "you are not frightened!"

"No," said she, with a simplicity that filled my heart with confidence. For my wife was the bravest and the best of women; in my experience I have not found the two go always together, but with her they did; and she combined the extreme of fortitude with the most endearing and beautiful virtues.

I told her what had happened; and, though her cheek grew visibly paler, she retained perfect control over her senses.

"You see now that I am safe," said I, in conclusion. "They do not mean to harm me; for, had they chosen, I was a dead man last night."

She laid her hand upon my arm.

"And I had no presentiment!" she cried.

Her accent thrilled me with delight. I put my arm about her, and strained her to my side; and, before either of us was aware, her hands were on my shoulders, and my lips upon her mouth. Yet up to that moment no word of love had passed between us. To this day I remember the touch of her cheek, which was wet and cold with the rain; and many a time since, when she has been washing her face, I have kissed it again, for the sake of that morning on the beach. Now that she is taken from me, and I finish my pilgrimage alone, I recall our old loving kindness and the deep honesty and affection which united us, and my present loss seems but a trifle in comparison.

Of the shorter stories which help to make up the volume, of which the greater part is given to "The Pavilion on the Links," it is difficult, for want of space, to speak adequately. All have originality and, it is hardly too much to say, a touch of genius; in some ways, perhaps, the story of Villon, called "A Lodging for the Night," is the most remarkable. The general effect of the two volumes is to make us wish for more of the same kind, but more carefully finished, from the same pen.

### THREE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CHRONICLES.\*

THE Camden Society, as we have recently been reminded, is by no means disposed to consider its occupation gone, because in one part of its voluntary task, the discovery of historical materials hitherto unused or overlooked, it is now competed with by a public Commission. The honoured names of Spedding and Bruce are no longer to be found in the list of the Society's Council; but, so long as it can command the services of its present director, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and of Mr. Gairdner, the editor of the volume before us, it may be depended upon to produce good fruit. The civil struggles of the fifteenth century must remain

inferior in interest to those of the seventeenth; but to no living writer is our knowledge of the former more deeply in debt than to the editor of the *Paston Letters* and the biographer of Richard III. Nevertheless, great Camden's reverend head has adorned many volumes claiming a more eager welcome than seems challenged by the present collection, with our notice of which we are ourselves rather in arrear. It contains, indeed, not a few details of interest concerning the period with which Mr. Gairdner has identified himself as a historian; but, though its repetitions are not unfrequent, the heterogeneousness of its contents is undeniably fatiguing. This will perhaps be apparent from a rapid enumeration of the principal contents of the volume. Its staple consists of three chronicles written, altogether or mainly, in the reign of Edward IV. Two of these are printed from MSS. in the Lambeth Library, and the third from the Arundel collection in the College of Arms. But the first of these pieces, the so-called "Short Chronicle," is in reality a transcript by the same hand of three short chronicles in succession. At the beginning stands an abridgment of the chronicle of the Brute, which would not be thought lively reading even at University College, Aberystwith. It may, however, be useful occasionally to refresh one's memory as to "Gogge, Ma gogge and other," to recall the surprising fact that long before the "Incarnation of Crist" King Grandobodian "made the toure of Grantam and Cambruge," and to reconsider more generally accepted etymologies by the light of the statement that the "Saxones called hem selfe Englishshemen for the name of the name of the Engest." The spellings of this epitome are quite as queer as could be wished; and if there is no novelty in the "Kynge of Beam" and no incorrectness in the "Duke of Ostrych," a moment's thought may be not unprofitably spent on identifying "Kynge Knotte" (*alias* "Knought") and his later successor "William Rouse." The subsequent manuscripts by the same or other hands offer some equally diverting puzzles. Mr. Gairdner has elucidated in a note the strange name of the city of "Mewes Embrye" (Meaux en Brie), but he has not thought it necessary to undertake the easy task of rectifying the styles of divers stranger lords enumerated as in the suite of King Edward III. at the siege of Calais in 1346. The transcriber of the memoranda in question exhibits all the recklessness of an overworked compositor setting up the names of Indian rajahs to him unknown, and flounders about unscrupulously among perversions such as "Reynold, Ducke of Melder," "Machony, William Juillian," and "Bartold, Erle of Baspiche, Mark of Bradiesbouch." At the same time, it is rather odd that the Dukes of Guelldres and Juliers, and the rest of the *Reichsverweser's* faithless allies, should be more or less subtly disguised in Mr. Gairdner's Index also, where he has retranslated "Lowes, emperoure of ye Normaynes" into "Louis IV. of Bavaria"—i.e. the Emperor Louis IV., the Bavarian. While such spellings as the above would probably transcend the imaginative powers of most candidates for Civil Service appointments at the present day, their favourite way of condensing information is not unhappily anticipated by the writer of the abridgment already referred to, who narrates of King Henry II. that he "helde a paramour besyde the quene, the whiche was called Rosamoundes Bowre."

The abridged version of the *Brute*, or, rather, the continuation of its theme, terminates with the beginning of the Lancastrian period; and the same Lambeth MS. affords a corrupt text of Lydgate's doggerel *Verses on the Kings of England*, already printed by Mr. Gairdner for the Camden Society in an earlier volume. Next comes one of the regular City Chronicles, in its earlier portion of the baldest annalistic sort, with long lists of civic dignitaries wholly devoid of any general interest. The latter half of this Chronicle, however, which is brought down to King Henry VI.'s imprisonment in the Tower (A.D. 1466), forms, upon the whole, the most attractive part of the present volume, and its interest is enhanced by the fact that the MS. of it "seems at one time to have belonged to Stowe the Chronicler, who has made copious memoranda on the blank leaves." Several additions are here made to what was already known about the sixteen years preceding that with which the text comes to an end; and as to the insurrection under Jack Cade in particular, Mr. Gairdner has the satisfaction of being able to point out a positive confirmation given by this Chronicle to "a thing which is not set forth in any of our histories, and which I myself maintained several years ago only as a matter of inference." The matter in question, though in itself of only secondary importance, is so signally illustrative of a feature of mediæval history deserving consideration under more aspects than one, that it may be worth dwelling upon for a moment.

Jack Cade, as is well known, and as the Tudor hand which has annotated the MS. of the Short Chronicle is careful to point out, was an "Iresheman" by birth. He is usually supposed to have assumed the name of Mortimer ("my father was a Mortimer; my mother a Plantagenet; my wife descended of the Lacies") at the suggestion of the Duke of York, who was anxious to test the condition of popular feeling in the matter of his own hereditary claim. Other examples of such patronage of imposture are not wanting, even in cases in which the probability of advantage to the patron was far smaller. Nor is it in the least necessary to stumble at the difficulty as to what York and his partisans would have done with the adventurer, had his success been more enduring. Even Perkin Warbeck, as Mr. Gairdner himself has discovered grounds for concluding, would not, had his fortune been equal to his spirit, have reaped the full benefit of his many exploits. On the other hand—and this is the point to which we would direct atten-

\* *Three Fifteenth-Century Chronicles, with Historical Memoranda by John Stowe, the Antiquary, and Contemporary Notes of Occurrences written by him in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.* Edited by James Gairdner. Printed for the Camden Society.

tion—it is at first sight extremely curious, as Mr. Gairdner says, that Cade was able so long to maintain his imposture, after his insurrection had made him for a time master of London and, of course, as well known a man there as the Lord Mayor himself. The *Short Chronicle*, after narrating the earlier doings of the "capteyn of Kent" in London, describes the fight between "the comynes of London" headed by the "Meir and Shoreffes and my Lorde Seals," which lasted

from ix of the cloke at eve till ix on the morowe, and at the last the capteyne fired the drawe brigg. And forthe withe went the Chaunceler to y<sup>e</sup> capteyns and sessed him and gave him a chartur and his men a nober, and so with drowe hem homward. Then the xij dayes of Juyl was in every shire proclaimed that whate man that couthe take the forsaide capteyne shulde have a M<sup>r</sup> marke and brynge him to the Kyng quyeke or dede, and as for any man that longed to him, x marke; for hit was openly knowe that his name was nott Mortymer, his name was John Cade, and perfor his chartur stode in no atryenthe.

Whereupon, according to the original text of the *Chronicle*, the hunted rebel was "take in Kent"; but, according to the Tudor corrector's alteration, which seems to agree with the best accounts (including *Holinshed's*), "one Alexandre Iden, a squyre of Kent, take hym in a garden yn Southsea."

The delusions as to persons and facts, like many other of the delusions which were rife among the people in the middle ages, were to a large extent caused by the want of means of inter-communication between different parts of the country. Dr. Jusserand has recently published some very suggestive observations on the English high-roads and their frequenters in Langland's and Chaucer's days; but the subject would probably repay even more elaborate treatment. The great purveyors of news, and hence the chief inspirers of popular opinion, were the friars in the first instance, and in the second that nondescript class which may be described as the vagabonds. The case was not very different across the Channel. In this very reign of Henry VI. the wonderful story of Joan of Arc illustrates with peculiar force the character and conditions of popular "intelligence." It is certain that she, and the national enthusiasm which she excited, owed not a little to the exertions of the religious orders with which she was closely connected; nothing but their ubiquitous activity could have so rapidly spread her fame. Yet her death was long disbelieved in by large numbers of people, and a pretended Joan of Arc afterwards succeeded in asserting herself not only in other parts of the country, but in the very city of Orleans. English and Scottish history have many similar instances of popular credulity. The believing powers of the age seemed equal to any demand made upon them; and, as one part of a country had very little real knowledge of the rest, the ordinary tests of experience were not at hand for application. Thus, it is quite conceivable that an Irish adventurer could induce the "comynes of Kent," inflammable as Kentishmen were in those days, to see in him a scion of the Plantagenets, and that they should have held to this belief until they had been tricked into abandoning him. That, as Mr. Gairdner suggests, some of the Kentish gentry were aware that they were following an impostor is, at the same time, more than likely. And those of the King's own "lordys" who threatened to "turne to the capteyn of Kent," unless "the Kyng wolde do excusson on suche traytors as were named," were only employing what may have seemed to them legitimate political pressure.

The MS. which contains the "*Short Chronicle*" also comprises certain other historical memoranda, partly in early handwritings, partly in that of John Stowe himself. Among the former we need only notice a very curious list of "Books prohibited, 1531"—the year which, on account of the clerical recognition of Henry as Head of the Church, is sometimes regarded as the beginning of the "English Reformation." Among the "suspect bookes" are not only controversial and satirical publications against Rome, but several translations into English of different portions of Scripture. The time of Robert Crowley, described in another document in this collection as "(somtym a boke sellar), now redar at Sent Antholyns," and holder of a variety of ecclesiastical dignities, including the deanery of "Harford in Wales," had not yet come. In the same document, by the way, which has reference to the year 1566 Stowe mentions two other benefited clergymen as sometime scriveners. Stowe's remaining memoranda are of varying interest, ranging from a proclamation made by Jack Cade's followers, and a "dyrge" made by them "in the tyme of ther rysynge" upon "Jake Napes," i.e. the Duke of Suffolk, to the occurrences of his own times. Among the latter are a few curiosities surpassing in interest the notice of Sir Thomas Lodge, the first Mayor of London who ever, being such, "ware" a beard. Under June 1567 we have a curious account of the visit to London of an embassy from the Emperor and the "Lady Regent" of Flanders, who astonished many people by going to the Dutch Church and hearing the sermon and service done by the "Calvenystys." If this was fairly liberal conduct in the year before the outbreak of the insurrection in the Netherlands, what shall be said of the further behaviour of these ambassadors, who on a Friday enjoyed a banquet furnished them by the Minorities "of bakon and powlderyd nettes tongues"? The description of the conduct of "thos banquetters" is quite unquotable, and it is with regret one learns that the Duchess of Suffolk not only paid the whole or the greater part of the bill, but was herself present on the occasion. When such coarseness was tolerated in what were in some respects the most refined circles at Court, it is not to be wondered at that the women of the lower orders should have followed the fashion. Stowe has much to note concerning the indignation excited by the Queen's injunctions for the conduct of divine worship; but the

most original demonstration mentioned by him is perhaps that, in honour of the two Protestant clergymen, "some time scriveners," already referred to. These conscientious pluralists, by name Philpot and Gough, having stoutly opposed the injunctions, were summoned by the Bishop of Winchester to discuss the subject in that city in a disputation lasting one-and-twenty days. They accordingly

toke their jorney ovar London brydge thrughe Sothewarke and so forthe to ward Wynchestar, beyng accompanied with a great nombar of wyemen to y<sup>e</sup> nombar of ij or iij C. ladyen with bagges and bottells to banquet at their departyng, gyyng them golde, sylvar, sugar, spice, or othar wyse suche as they had, anymatynge them moaste ernystly to stand fast in y<sup>e</sup> same theyr doctryne whiche they had taught touchynge syrplysis, caps, and suche lyke.

Of the result it only appears that Philpot, having duly subscribed, came back to town, where he had to undergo the rebukes of his brethren; so that he preferred to sell his moveables and to withdraw to Rye in Kent, "wher he hathe xxx li. a yer, and servythe with owt a syrplyce, and kepithe all his othar promociouns still as Stapney, Cornhill &c."

Mr. Gairdner's *farrago* concludes with two Latin pieces, some brief notes of occurrences under Henry VI. and Edward IV. from the Lambeth Library, and a brief Latin chronicle from the Arundel collection. The former appears to have been compiled in the monastery at Ely; the latter, of which Mr. Gairdner has only printed the concluding portion, is, in his opinion, "perhaps the clearest contemporary account that we possess of the military and naval movements at the commencement of Edward IV.'s reign." We have only left ourselves space for an extract of a very different kind, the significance of which for the history of the monastic orders in the Middle Ages requires no comment:—

Hoc quoque anno (1465) circiter festum Assumpcionis beatissime Marie semper Virginis misit dominus Papa, Paulus Secundus, bullam suam in Angliam, insinuans prelati Anglie heresim illam pestifera asserentem quod Christus publice mendicavit esse antiquitus a Romanis pontificibus cum suis consiliis damnatam et eam pro damnata universe declarandam et conculcandam.

#### GOSSE'S GRAY.\*

THE prophets who prophesied that nothing good would come out of small books written for popular reading are once more disappointed. In his treatment of Gray, Mr. Gosse has given us a work not only of taste and industry, but of research, unpretending in appearance, but to be neglected by no student of Gray, or indeed, we might almost say, of the English poetry of the eighteenth century. He has diligently made use not only of all published materials for Gray's biography, but of much that remains unprinted, and (strange as it seems that it must be said more than a century after Gray's death) had never yet been properly examined. He has brought familiar and sympathetic knowledge to bear on Gray's excursions into languages and antiquities which the general taste of his contemporaries dismissed in one comprehensive term of disdain as "Gothick." Only one qualification is wanting to Mr. Gosse—an intimate acquaintance with the habits and institutions of the University within whose precincts Gray spent the best part of his life; and this he has done his best to supply by obtaining the help of the best authorities. In short, this book is as far as possible from being a compilation, or valuable only for readers who are too busy or too indolent to go to its sources. It is a sound and conscientious piece of first-hand work, such as could be produced only by a scholar who respects English literature for its own sake, and does not count the cost of labour spent on illustrating it. And Gray's life is told, not only with more care and exactness, but more fully than it has ever been told before.

In the early part of the story Mr. Gosse has found least to add to existing knowledge. There is still nothing particular to be said of Gray's ancestors, and certainly nothing which will account by way of heredity for the extremely refined character of Gray's taste and intellect. Coming to his Eton days and his friendship with Horace Walpole and West, Mr. Gosse observes with a touch of malice that "learning was still preferred to athletics at our public schools." This is very well as banter, but we should like to know of any evidence to show that, taking schoolboys one with another, Eton boys under George II. were more learned, absolutely or relatively, than they are under her present Majesty. Certainly the learning of our own time, notwithstanding the encroachments of athletics, is considerably more exact. The *Muse Etonenses*, and Gray's own exercises in Latin verse, abound in licenses, not to say downright errors, which no Eton master would nowadays allow to pass. It may be contended that our modern exactness is gained at the cost of a certain familiarity with classical literature, or the chief Roman poets at all events, which used to be the common property of educated Englishmen. Some Eton hexameters of Gray's quoted by Mr. Gosse from the Pembroke College MSS. show a literary assimilation of both Virgil and Lucretius which our sixth-form boys, Gray's superiors in philological mastery of the language if they have paid moderate attention to their instructors, might well envy. But we cannot help feeling that the scholarship of the last century tended to make clever young men precocious *dilettanti*; so far as Gray was concerned, one may suspect, or more than suspect, that its methods did him positive harm. A kind of indolent fastidious-

\* Gray. By Edmund W. Gosse. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882. (In "English Men of Letters" Series.)

ness clung to him through life; the training of his mind in a robust school might have saved him from this, and enriched posterity. Taken with due moderation, even our much decried athletics might have done something towards sending him forth in the world a healthier and completer man. He would have moved through Eton and Cambridge a little less "gravely and precociously," as Mr. Gosse expresses his bearing; and his entire neglect of exercise may well have had to do, as is suggested a few pages later, with the persistent melancholy that settled upon him through his after life. In parting from Eton Mr. Gosse commits one of the very few errors of fact, and the one fault of style, which we have noticed. He says that the "venerable college which has since adopted him as her typical child . . . now presents to each emerging pupil a handsome selection from the works of the Etonian *par excellence*, Thomas Gray." The leaving-book (otherwise correctly described) is the gift not of the college—in other words, of the Provost and Fellows—but of the head-master; and "emerging pupil" for a boy leaving the school is a bit of slipshod fine English unworthy of Mr. Gosse. Another odd slip occurs on the same page; Gray is stated, after a short residence at Pembroke as a pensioner, to have entered at Peterhouse as a fellow-commoner; but the entry in the college book says, "Admissus ad mensam pensionariorum." As it is Mr. Gosse himself, who supplies the correction (for the extract is printed by him for the first time), the slip is venial enough.

Gray found Cambridge tedious from the first. Something of this must be set down to his own constitution; but English scholarship was just then in an interval of deadness. Bentley was departing, less than half understood, and Porson was not yet. There was in the University hardly any man, and certainly no society of men, capable of sharing Gray's tastes and pursuits. Mathematics he detested and professed himself incapable of understanding, though in later life he spoke of them with respect. Meanwhile he cultivated in vacation times a sense of the beauties of nature which was then exceedingly rare; his letter to Horace Walpole about the "reverend vegetables," now known to us as Burnham Beeches, is believed by Mr. Gosse to be the first expression of the modern feeling of the picturesque. There could be no better witness as to the English literature of that time and the generations immediately before it; but we must put in a word for old Geener of Zürich, who more than a century before had avowed his passion for mountain scenery in a thoroughly modern fashion. Gray continued, as appears by his letters, to be not only an appreciative but a close observer of things which the scholars of his time thought below them. He noted, sometimes with minuteness, temperature, weather, dates of foliage and flowering of trees, and such matters. But the more one knows of Gray, the more one is struck by the range and versatility of his knowledge, not only with regard to its actual amount, but for his complete and ever-present mastery of it. In the last year of his life Norton Nicholls, then looking up to Gray as his guide and philosopher in all learning, had become much interested in Froissart, and wrote to Gray for particulars of the chronicler's person and condition. This was not then, as it would now be, an impertinence towards a person in Gray's position, seeing that in the year 1771 the *Biographie Universelle* and suchlike conveniences did not exist. The French literature of the middle ages was by no means a speciality of Gray's (though, indeed, he was Professor of Modern History and Languages at Cambridge); but within four weeks—a reasonable time as the pace of affairs then went—Norton Nicholls had from him as full an account as could be desired, with the reference to the authority for it in the Transactions of the French Academy of Inscriptions. Yet more remarkable were Gray's excursions into Icelandic poetry, then barely accessible to an English scholar. Mr. Gosse vouches for the accuracy of his knowledge in this field; and this when "the Norse tongue was looked upon as a sort of mystery; it was called Runic, and its roots were supposed to be derived from the Hebrew."

The Grand Tour made by Gray, in company with Horace Walpole, affords matter for an amusing chapter. We hope that Mr. Gosse's account may induce a larger number of readers to make acquaintance with Gray's journeyings as told in his own charming letters. Soon after this, Gray lost his early friend West, and began his career as an English poet. The surprisingly small quantity of the work produced by him is to be accounted for partly by his own fastidiousness, but still more, perhaps, by the "chill penury" of poetical feeling and taste which prevailed in his generation. He addressed a public nourished on insipid amenities and pompous emptiness, and his odes appeared to them as eccentric and obscure as Mr. Browning's lyrics to the average English reader of twenty or thirty years ago. Compared with the monotonous couplets which had been the only recognized forms since the end of the seventeenth century, Gray's stanzas were daring metrical experiments. The language, too, had been reduced to the utmost poverty it has ever endured. Even to his chosen friend West, Gray made a sort of apology for using words which are now quite admissible even in serious prose; and inciting Dryden for examples of license in the way of archaisms or invention he mentions terms so familiar to nineteenth-century readers as "pleasant beverage" (no longer tolerably poetical this, but rather to be expected in advertisements of mineral waters), "ireful mood," "proud array," "boon," "wayward," "disherited." He feels bound to argue seriously that "our language has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible," and that "Shakespeare's language is one of his principal beauties." Thus

Gray deserves the credit of having done in a time of need, and done well, though on a small scale, what Shakespeare had already done on a great one (how greatly we shall know, as well as many other things, when the Philological Society's Dictionary is completed); that is, rescued and restored to current use excellent English words that were on the point of disappearing. Sooner or later the revival would have come without Gray, but it might have come too late for some things. As to the general criticism Gray had to meet, a passage or two from his letters written when the Odes were published will show of what fashion it was. "One very great man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times; and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above thirty questions to ask." "Mr. Fox thinks, if the Bard sung his song but once over, King Edward could not possibly understand him. . . . The Critical Review you have seen, or may see. He is in raptures (they say it is Professor Franklin), but mistakes the *Æolian Lyre* for the *Harp of Æolus*, and on this mistake founds a compliment and a criticism." "The Review I have read, and admire it, particularly that observation that the Bard is taken from *Pastor cum traheret*." Of all the blundering criticisms on Gray, Dr. Johnson's is the most famous; and, being the blundering of an able man, it is the most amusing. He could not "see that the Bard promotes any truth, moral or political," a canon by which few lyric poets should scape whipping. And after hinting that he leaves many great faults unnoticed, he thus moralizes:—"Let it be observed that the ode might have been concluded with an action of better example; but suicide is always to be had without expense of thought." Yet Dr. Johnson professed himself rejoiced "to concur with the common reader" in giving high praise to the *Elegy*.

But worse things were in store for Gray's *Elegy* than being criticized; it was improved. One Edwards, author of something called *The Canons of Criticism*, perceived that the village Hampden, the mute inglorious Milton, and the Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood were not balanced by companions of the other sex; wherefore in his critical wisdom he "here added the two following stanzas, to supply what he deemed a defect in the poem":—

Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms  
Shone with attraction to herself unknown;  
Whose beauty might have bless'd a monarch's arms,  
Whose virtue cast a lustre on a throne.

That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,  
And cheer'd the labours of a faithful spouse;  
That virtue form'd for every decent part  
The healthful offspring that adorn'd their house.

Such a performance is more eloquent than any comment or discussion to show the state of letters into which Gray was born out of due time. For such auditors it was, after all, not wonderful that he should produce little. In his latter years, if we may trust Bonstetten's recollections, he had renounced poetry in disgust, and would not be induced to speak of his own work.

The same reluctance to come to the point of production accompanied Gray in his other pursuits. He made considerable preparations for editing Strabo, sundry dialogues of Plato, and the Greek Anthology; but nothing, or next to nothing, ever came of them. He was fully aware of his own weakness in this respect; in sending the *Elegy* to Horace Walpole he said, "You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it; a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want." What he did finish, however, was finished perfectly. And the perfection of workmanship spent on the *Elegy* has had its reward. It has been imitated all over Europe, and at home, as Mr. Gosse truly says, there is no poem of equal length containing so many "phrases that have become a part and parcel of colloquial speech." It is curious that the original publication was hasty and anonymous. Walpole had been showing about the manuscript, and at least one pirated issue was imminent. There is no knowing how much longer Gray might have kept back his masterpiece if his hand had not been forced. It was due to a kind of accident that the *Bard* got finished at all, "in consequence of some concerts given at Cambridge by John Parry, the famous blind harper." Mr. Gosse maintains its fame, not against the old-fashioned criticism of the Johnson school, but against the paradoxes of modern refinement. It is needless to depreciate Gray for the purpose of exalting Collins, and it is yet more superfluous, if possible, to set up a comparison between him and Blake, whose genius was of a wholly different kind. In whatever order we rank the merit of Gray's works among themselves, his place as the reviver of English lyrical poetry is assured, and, notwithstanding the absence of immediate results, he deserves also to stand high among the revivers of serious scholarship and of its application to literature. In his catholic respect for letters Gray stood almost alone in a narrow and frivolous age.

We shall not inflict on Mr. Gosse's excellent narrative the ingratitude of an attempt to abridge it. A couple of hours will put the reader in possession of it, and they will be hours well spent. Once or twice, we think, little circumstances are exaggerated as evidence of Gray's melancholy, which is in a general way an amply established fact. Mr. Gosse says of Gray's journey with Nicholls in 1770, "He so hated Cambridge that he would not start thence, but directed Nicholls to meet him at the sign of the Wheat Sheaf, five miles beyond Huntingdon." But what Gray actually wrote to Nicholls from Pembroke was, "I do not like to be here at the commencement"; what he hated was the bustle of that annual ceremony, probably far more pompous then than now,

in which he might as a Professor have been expected to bear his part if on the spot. The vexed question of the late restoration or destruction at Pembroke, on which Mr. Gosse touches with his last words, is one that we prefer to leave alone.

#### HENRY ERSKINE.\*

THIS handsome and weighty but amusing volume will probably be regarded with different feelings by different classes of readers. The surviving kinsfolk and the members of the many families mention of whom is made may perhaps think that there is not a word too much in it. On the other hand, the general reader may be disposed to believe that all the information he cares to have about Henry Erskine, his times, his surroundings, and belongings, might have been given at shorter length. Certainly many of the letters which are printed might have been omitted or abridged without any loss of interest; and the stream of the narrative of the life of the distinguished Scottish advocate might with advantage have been more strictly confined to flowing between its own banks, and not have been allowed to run into so many bye channels or to find its way into so many backwaters. In truth, however, the kinsfolk and the families connected with them must be a legion in themselves. The pedigree of that branch of the Erskine family to which the English Lord Chancellor and the Scottish Lord Advocate belonged is a very remarkable one, and the descendants from the earliest of those to whom it can be traced must be numerous indeed. Princely and noble houses in Italy and France occur among the ancestors. The names of the Viscontis of Milan, the Della Scalas of Verona, the Dorias of Genoa, the Bourbons, the De Rohans and other noble families of France, are found along with the less unexpected ones of Stuart and Douglas; a daughter of Sir Thomas Browne figures as an ancestress; while among the collaterals appear Lady Frances, the wife of Colonel James Gardiner, who was killed at Prestonpans, and Lady Anne Erskine, who for so many years carried on the religious work of the Countess of Huntingdon at Spa Fields. Notwithstanding that the roots of the family tree strike so deep and so wide, it does not seem that the family of the Earls of Buchan was in any way very notable until the appearance of the generation to which belonged Henry and Thomas Erskine, and their elder brother, who, but for his position, might very likely have been led to distinguish himself as much as they did.

It is not very easy to follow the path of Henry Erskine's own life in the midst of the tangled wood of other people's sayings and doings through which it is made to wind. The story of his public career and of his private annals might have been told far more shortly and directly; but this was evidently not the mode in which Colonel Fergusson conceived that his work should be executed, and, considering that the name which gives its title to the book is not one of the first magnitude, and that the interest and importance attaching to it is chiefly local and personal, he has probably exercised a wise discretion. A life of Henry Erskine pure and simple could not have afforded occasion to introduce so much attractive and curious matter as is comprised in this volume. The materials might have been, perhaps, better arranged; and the parcel, so to speak, which seems to be bursting with its contents, might have been more skilfully tied up; but, on the whole, the somewhat unmethodical method adopted suffices, and may even best answer, the purpose of making a readable book. Erskine came to the bar of Scotland at a time when, as was the case in England at an earlier period, that branch of the legal profession was almost entirely recruited from the families of the landed gentry. Eldest sons, looking forward to a slender inheritance, and cadets of wealthier houses, flocked to the Parliament House in Edinburgh as to Westminster Hall in London, with more or less serious intentions of actual practice. With Henry Erskine the choice of a profession was a necessity, and he succeeded so well in it that he is said, some time before he became Lord Advocate, to have been making an income of 2,700*l.*, the largest amount then known at the Scottish bar. He was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1768. The political influences of the time were very unfavourable to official promotion for a Whig. Twice did he hold office, but only for a short time on each occasion; first in the Coalition Ministry of 1783, and again in 1806, when he came in with "all the talents." The opinions, however, which he maintained so honestly as to lose in consequence any chance of long continuance in place, were held stoutly, but with no acrimony, and they allowed him to be on friendly terms of mutual esteem with his political antagonists. It is pleasant to find that Henry Dundas, whom he displaced as Lord Advocate in 1783, wrote to him to congratulate him on his accession to the post, and offered him his assistance in acquiring a knowledge of the business of the office. With Sir Walter Scott, too, and others not of his own way of thinking, Erskine lived on the most agreeable terms. Yet Erskine never ceased to be a staunch and active member of the Whig party, and in 1785 he received the special thanks of the Duke of Portland for his strenuous opposition to Pitt's wise and statesmanlike proposals for doing justice to the commercial and agricultural interests of Ireland. In this Erskine showed his adhesion to his friends at a moment of most factious and un-

reasonable opposition to an equitable measure. Pitt desired to place Ireland upon an equal and impartial footing with Great Britain in point of commerce with foreign countries and the colonies, and also as to mutual intercourse with regard to imports and exports. A howl of alarm was immediately raised by the landowners and manufacturers in England and Scotland, and the most violent language was resorted to. Lord North said that Pitt's proposals "outdid everything that the wildest imagination could suggest." The Duke of Portland expressed to Erskine his gratitude for his endeavours to preserve the country from utter destruction, and to avert the complete ruin of the landed interest.

Of Erskine's personal appearance and qualifications for success as an advocate both Jeffrey and Cockburn have left the most favourable opinions. He had brilliant wit, combined with graceful and vivacious eloquence, but these were always kept in subordination to his judgment. No one at the Scottish Bar ever held so high a position. Parties used to be made to go to the Parliament House to hear Erskine speak in great cases, and his speeches to the Court seem to have found so much favour with the judges that on one occasion when he announced that his case was so simple that he intended to be brief, a learned judge, addressing him in the familiar way which shows his popularity, said, "Hoots, Maister Harry, dinna be brief—dinna be brief," certainly a most unusual request to be made from the Bench to a member of the Bar.

The accounts of social life and customs in Edinburgh during the latter half of the last century are amusing, and all the more interesting as they describe a transition period between the modern manners and those of an older school. The city itself was a very different place from what it afterwards became. What are now among the most squalid parts of the Old Town were full of the residences of the best families; the uncomfortable Assembly Rooms in the West Bow were the headquarters of fashion. The ladies went, of course, in sedan chairs, and they were escorted home by torchlight, attended by gentlemen with drawn swords. The arrangements with partners were of a very strict kind, and were made beforehand, to the great prejudice of such young ladies as neglected to attend to this requirement. It was the duty of the gentleman to provide oranges for the refreshment of his partners at the end of each dance. It is said that Erskine's good nature was shown in alleviating the distresses of forlorn damsels, who, without his aid, would have been left out of the dancing. His own future wife, Christian Fullerton, however, otherwise an accomplished lady, never did dance. In music and poetry Erskine had some proficiency. He played well upon the violin, and his muse sometimes rose above the level of *vers de société*, although it was with them that he chiefly amused his friends and himself. He married in 1772, and he continued the succession to the family peerage.

It was an age of clubs, and Erskine belonged to many—among them the "Cormorant" and the "Antemanum," called so because the reckoning was to be paid beforehand. It is doubtful if he belonged to the "Poker," a club formed in 1762 to press on Government the duty of establishing in Scotland a militia for national defence. The doubt, however, gives occasion to mention that the club dined at two o'clock for one shilling a head, and drank only sherry and claret. A full description is given of the club called the Beggar's Benison, which was originated at Anstruther, in Fife, and was the subject of one of the toasts given at the Cadies' dinner described in Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*. Afterwards the headquarters were transferred to Edinburgh, where the Knights Companions, as they styled themselves, continued to wear their medals, and to carry on their festivities.

In 1785 Erskine was, by the votes of his fellow-advocates, elected Dean of Faculty, an honour peculiar to the Scottish Bar. Eleven years afterwards, upon the annual re-election to the office, Erskine was rejected by a very large majority of votes given in favour of Robert Dundas of Arncliffe. There was no personal imputation whatever against him, and the nature of the action against him was political. Erskine, however, had taken a prominent part in a meeting called to petition against the war, and Lord Cockburn, in discussing the matter, admits that as Dean of Faculty Erskine was bound to consider the general feelings and principles of the body of which he was the official head, and that in fact he had not done so. Still it was scarcely justifiable to visit his conduct by so severe a mark of disapprobation; and what happened must be taken as a sign of the intemperate political feeling of the time.

The somewhat famous trial of Deacon Brodie for housebreaking occurred in 1783, and Erskine was his counsel. It was indeed a curious fact that an apparently respectable member of the Edinburgh Town Council should have been an habitual criminal, and should for so long a time have succeeded in maintaining his position, even after his delinquencies were more than suspected. His business as a cabinet-maker probably gave him peculiar facilities for his other occupation, of which he was not slow to take advantage. He was found guilty and executed, but had very nearly escaped being arrested, and it is said that arrangements had been made for his resuscitation after he had been hanged, which did not succeed, and so the Deacon failed to "cheat the woodie." The story would make an excellent subject for such a writer as Gaboriau was; and, indeed, the incidents of such a double life have furnished, in more than one instance, the materials for sensational fiction.

An abundant sample of Harry Erskine's many good sayings is given by Colonel Fergusson, and they are sprinkled among the rest of the contents of his volume in an agreeable manner, so as not to fatigue the reader by too much condensed wit and anecdote.

\* *The Honourable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate for Scotland; with Notices of certain of his Kinsfolk and of his Time.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Alex. Fergusson. Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

There is also much matter of interest and some novelty in the portions of the book devoted to the Earl of Buchan—a well-known personage in his day—and to Lord Erskine, the English Chancellor. The former was to the end of his life, although eccentric, a great social favourite and “a terrible old flirt.” On leaving a room he would take leave of the prettiest young lady in it with old-fashioned courtesy, and say:—“Good-bye, my dear; and pray remember Margaret, Countess of Buchan, is not immortal.” An excellent reproduction of his portrait by Watson accompanies the likenesses of the other two brothers which are also given.

#### VICTOR EMMANUEL.\*

A GOOD subject is a good thing, and Mr. Dicey may be congratulated on having had an exceedingly good subject for this book. In the first place, the actual achievements of his hero were very considerable; in the second, the accidents of his situation, as well as his personal idiosyncrasy, make him acceptable to the great majority of readers. The sourest fanatics on either side of the great political and religious questions of the day may, indeed, regard Victor Emmanuel with scant affection. But the great things which he did for the Liberal cause secure him the gratitude of all those Liberals who are not hopelessly bound to the abstract doctrines of republican anarchy; and the undoubted position which he held as a prince *jure divino*—that is to say, by consent of Providence during some eight hundred years—incline all but very intractable Conservatives to look tolerantly on his encroachments on the abstract rights of neighbouring princes. In political matters it is admitted that “hawks may pike out hawks’ e’en,” even if jays and magpies and carrion crows may not; and the right of conquest is as much a part of the Legitimist theory as the right of birth. Again, the private character of the first King of Italy, though by no means faultless, was marked by none of those faults which attract a personal feeling of dislike. The worst acts of his life as a man were the giving of his daughter to a parvenu of doubtful repute, and the refusal of aid to the ally to whom he owed his kingdom in that ally’s hour of sorest need. But each of these acts could be defended by at least a plausible pretext of the public weal. Whatever Victor Emmanuel was or was not, he was not a coward, he was not a milksop, and he was not an adventurer, or a liar, or a tyrant. Traditional morality, even of the strictest kind, pardons most things to kings who are free from these defects. Besides all this, there is a strange and singular interest in a man who, by pursuing the traditional policy of a house eminent among the great houses of European feudalism, and without doing any one act which that policy condemned, created the first great kingdom of modern times which expressed the modern as opposed to the feudal principle of government. With a subject thus in manifold ways attractive, Mr. Dicey was well qualified to deal. His actual acquaintance with the facts is undoubted, and his general political idiosyncrasy suits him well for dealing with those facts. He is a declared Liberal, and it may probably be taken for granted that no one who is not can be expected to write of the foundation of the kingdom of Italy with anything like the requisite amount of sympathy. But Mr. Dicey is, in no cant sense, a moderate Liberal. He is not an *illuminé* of the Mazzinian kind, he knows perfectly well that *Italia farà da se* was and is a ridiculous absurdity. He has not followed the multitude of his political party, who, having cried “Hosanna” to the Third Napoleon for twenty years, cried “Crucify” for ten more; and he takes on the whole a sober view of the events he has to chronicle. He has not, perhaps, made the most—even as that most may be construed by a judge very averse to picturesque history in its ordinary sense—of the picturesque aspects of Victor Emmanuel’s life. He has almost ostentatiously refused to enliven his pages by the descriptions which might fairly have been expected of Novara and Palestro, of Aspromonte and Mentana, of Custoza and Lissa, especially of that last consummate feat of arms. We shall have to take exception to some of his detailed statements. But, on the whole, it may be said that he has written a solid, trustworthy, and at the same time popular sketch of a very important passage of European history—a passage all the more important in that it is gradually fading from the actual and immediate memories of men, and has not yet attained nor is for some time likely to attain that clear projection on the canvas of history which only time can give.

It is possible to take some exception to the view which in his first pages Mr. Dicey gives of the state of Italy during the first years of the present century. We cannot allow historical justification to the statement that “up to the closing years of the last century Italy had preserved a certain remnant—or, rather, a certain tradition—of national independence.” A remnant must be part of a pre-existing whole; a tradition must refer to a pre-existing fact, and the national existence of “Italy” before this century is a fact of which we should very much like to have some demonstration. As a home county, or in contradictory and incorrect modern phrase a metropolitan province, of the Roman Empire holy or unholy, Italy may once have enjoyed some corporate life; national existence, in any correct sense of the word, it never enjoyed. So, too, when Mr. Dicey (very moderately and with allowance) accuses the parties to the Treaty of Vienna of having

“sacrificed Italy to political considerations,” we must still request proof that there was any Italy, except a geographical expression, to sacrifice. But the account which Mr. Dicey gives of the practical effect of Austrian rule is sufficiently justified, though he might have mentioned (what the diary of Metternich clearly proves) that such tyranny as there was was unwillingly exercised, and was almost wholly due to the stubborn intransigence of the Italian revolutionists. On the other hand, he points out with equal clearness and justice the fatal consequences of the breach of faith of the Neapolitan Bourbons in reference to constitutional government. It will always remain one of the most curious facts in history that at the same time and in the same family three such sovereigns as Charles X. of France, Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and Francis I. of Naples should have played the game of revolution as the ablest demagogue in the world could not have played it. The entire treatment of the complex and remarkable character of Charles Albert is excellent both in itself and as illustrating and accounting for the peculiarities of Charles Albert’s son. Justice has hardly yet been done to the tragic figure of the honest and valiant King who was hounded to death and disgrace by Mazzini and his brother fanatics. But Mr. Dicey’s sketch is at least an instalment of such justice.

When Mr. Dicey comes to deal with Victor Emmanuel’s own reign, he shows a curious mixture of appreciation and of lack of appreciation of the circumstances. The phrase, “though his life was never that of a devout believer, he had always a strange kind of belief in the teachings of the Church,” seems to argue a certain lack of knowledge of mankind; and another statement, that “taken by itself the proposal that Sardinia should join France and England in making war on Russia seemed, on a superficial view, to be absolutely unjustifiable,” is decidedly below the necessities of the case. It was absolutely unjustifiable except on the pure policy-morality or immorality of Machiavel, of which the *Rè Galantuomo* was all his life a very diligent and an astonishingly successful practitioner. To an impartial student of politics no two contemporary facts can be more amusing when taken in conjunction than the horror with which certain persons have spoken of Napoleon III.’s wars for the benefit of his dynasty and the approbation with which they speak of this filibustering pure and simple (for war without *casus belli* or even *locus standi* may surely be called filibustering) on the part of Cavour and his master. Again, Mr. Dicey’s handling of the suppression of convents in 1856 can hardly be said to be satisfactory. Convents may be and are national institutions of a very dubious utility. But the wholesale plunder of them which has been seen in Italy during the last five-and-twenty years is not defensible on Liberal, but only on Gladstonian, principles. Yet, again (to take up Mr. Dicey’s disputable statements as we have marked them in reading), it seems a mistake to set down the distrust of France felt, and rightly felt, by England after the Crimean War to the fact that “the result of the Crimean campaign had been undoubtedly to aggrandize the military reputation of France to the detriment of England.” The reason of the distrust was that the Emperor proved himself a thoroughly untrustworthy ally, sacrificing half the fruits of the campaign to his anxiety to make peace. Nor is it easy to sympathize (unless the reader is a disciple of Professor Balloontatics Craniocratics) with Mr. Dicey’s defence of the cession of Savoy, joined as it is to a vehement protest against the cession of Nice. In dealing, however, with the Garibaldian expedition and its consequences, Mr. Dicey is of much value as a witness, because he was an eyewitness. The dissolvents which he applies to the “Garibaldian legend” are powerful. Of the later events which he chronicles there is less to say, and the subjects are more controversial. It is impossible to think that he does justice to the discreditable *tripotage* which at every European crisis has enabled Italy to fish some gain out of the trouble. Nor is his attempt to apologize (a very indirect attempt it must be confessed) for the conduct of Italy in 1870 by emphasizing the annoyance of Victor Emmanuel at the Mentana affair and General de Failly’s foolish despatch in the least successful. Victor Emmanuel and the Italian nation knew perfectly well that they were bound not to make such an attempt as Garibaldi’s, and Victor Emmanuel at least must have known that the underhand manoeuvres of his Ministry had directly encouraged it. They could not either honestly or honourably find fault with another nation for doing the simple police duty which they refused to do, though they had done it at Aspromonte.

However, there is no need to say any more of these debatable matters. Mr. Dicey has, we repeat, done his task well in displaying a character which in these complex days is likely not to be appreciated because of its very simplicity. There is one anecdote of Victor Emmanuel (not given by Mr. Dicey, who, indeed, gives few anecdotes) which is very likely apocryphal, but which has always struck us as specially characteristic. The story has it that the King, when on a visit to Paris, went into a shop to buy a pair of braces, and was addressed with the inevitable “*Et avec ça, monsieur?*”—“What is the next article, sir?” of the Paris tradesman. “*Avec ça, monsieur,*” he replied, “*je suspends mon pantalon.*” It was both prompter and more polite than the repartee, also to a “*marchand de Paris,*” which one of his ancestors is said to have thought of as he left the city, and, what is more, in a transferred sense it expressed the speaker’s character well. He always used everything for its direct and obvious purpose, and this was no doubt the secret of his astonishing success.

\* *The New Plutarch—Victor Emmanuel.* By Edward Dicey. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co. 1882.

## PALMS AND TEMPLES.\*

IF, as seems at present an extremely probable occurrence, it should prove that the winter of 1881-2 has been the last season for a considerable time when the Nile was open to the peaceful Howaga and the unarmed dahabeeah, we may congratulate ourselves upon one of two things, either that we shall have no more books of Egyptian travel, or that we have had so many as to satisfy our curiosity upon almost every possible question as regards Egypt, its antiquities, and its people. It may be that we shall have to learn the Land of Khemi as our great-grandfathers learned France during the long war—namely, by the reports of former travellers who had visited the country before it was locked up. In that case, every book of travel, even such an unpretending book as Mr. Julian Arnold's, will have its use. We shall compare him with other travellers, consider his credibility, weigh his statements, lay down his "dead reckoning" on the maps, and sigh for the good old times when, at the cost of an eight days' journey, all these wonderful places were open for our inspection, and the blood-thirsty Egyptian fellah was milder than the Hindoo. And even at the present moment, when everything is uncertain, when archaeologists are trembling for the fate of the Boulaq Museum, when the Sphinx and the Pyramids and the Canal and the Pylons of Karnak and the Temples may all be going to be blown up by dynamite, and perhaps every accessible inscription will be destroyed, everybody who has anything to say about Egypt is sure of a hearing, and such a book as the one before us is received with an attention out of all proportion to its real value. There may be no more going up the Nile for an indefinite period. It seems incredible, yet it is on the cards; and all the amiable people who have made a reputation year after year out of their knowledge of the river, and those interesting people who go to pick up antikas and are learned about the forging of scarabæi, and the crotchetty people who have got views of their own about the route chosen by Moses and go out to prove those views, and the people who are great on finance, and are supposed vaguely to "represent" the bondholders, and those who go to Egypt to escape bad weather at home, and those who go for their health, will have to stop at home or exchange the Nile for the Riviera.

Mr. Julian Arnold has apparently compiled his volume on Egypt in much the same spirit as if he had been writing on Northumberland, or Holland, or Pitcairn Island. He does not think it necessary to "get up" Egypt beforehand, as the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon, for instance, got up Cyprus when he resolved to write a book upon it; we are not happily treated to any *réchauffé* of history; nor are there any learned speculations. It is simply a record of personal experience small and great. There are very few references to historical personages, and those are made apparently on the authority of Murray; so far as Mr. Arnold is concerned he has visited a country whose people are rather curious and sometimes even comic in their ways. There is a big river in it; you can—or could in his time—hire a boat and sail up that river; there are ruins on the banks; you can land and visit them. There is no need to describe the ruins because it has been done already, but you may say how you saw them. And this is, in fact, what he has done.

There is a certain incongruity in a book about a country of whose associations the writer is, save for the information picked up on the spot by guide-books, profoundly ignorant. A work, for instance, on the Troad, by a Cook's tourist from Manchester, would have a charm distinctly characteristic; an account of personal adventure among the ruins of Greece by a person who had never heard of the Greeks would be worth reading; and previous absence of any knowledge at all about Egypt gives this work a flavour which is not unpleasant. When the author of *Eothen* visited Jerusalem he confessed that he could not rise to the occasion; but at least he knew what the associations were, and what kind of sentiment he had a right to expect. An ordinary party of English travellers on the Nile, unless they have with them a coach for the occasion, hardly know that there are any historical associations. They are like one who stands upon the Mount of Olives and refers to his handbook to find out who that King Solomon was and why he built that temple. "Here," say our travellers, "is a temple, let us go in and look at it; there is a dreadful smell of bats, let us go out of it; observe the sculpturing 'with the marvellous art of the era of Rameses II.'; let us read what the guide-book says about the sacred scarabæus, the 'Ptolemæan zodiac,' and let us transfer the remark to the log-book; when we get home we will publish the log." And, as the author of *Palms and Temples* has done this, and pretends to do no more, we must accept the work for what it is and ask for no more. Still the doubt remains whether the log was worth publishing. If people want to read a simple narrative of how people go up and down the Nile, they will find it here. If they want to learn anything about the country and its ruins, they must go elsewhere to find it.

In such a log, conscientiously kept up day by day, and written without hurry or any necessity for compression, a good deal can be found that may be said. The book occupies nearly four hundred pages of pretty close print. In the light of recent events, some of the observations made by the writer are curious. Thus, speaking of the Khedive, he says:—

He is very popular with the natives, I believe, but they have long since learned to associate the "Frank," as they call all Europeans, with their

Government. I remember asking my donkey boy once what he thought of the reigning Khedive and his ministry, to which he answered: "Oh, he Khedive, he very good men and him young, but he nobody; him only friend of Miss Barrington and de white Howagas, dey do all the thing and mind de Egypt."

The greater part of the book consists, as such books as these always do, of mere gossip, talk about shooting, talk "round" ruins instead of about them, talk about servants, with such description and detail as would have been rendered unnecessary by the addition of a map or the reference to a map. What, for instance, is the advantage of writing down the distances between places and the time occupied in getting over those distances, unless one is writing about a previously unvisited country? But the Nile is not in unknown Africa, nor is Mr. Arnold a pioneer like Captain Burton, and all the geographical information we knew before. Again, the details of personal observation present nothing at all that is new or very interesting, except that they are told with a certain vivacity which redeems them from being utterly commonplace. The traveller had, however, one adventure; most unfortunately, it occurred quite early in the voyage, so that the things which followed are flat and tame in comparison; it would have been much better, even at the sacrifice of truth, to narrate this adventure as if it had happened quite at the end of the journey, where it would have served as an excellent situation to finish with. But many a work is spoiled by inattention to dramatic effect. The situation is extremely strong, and, we believe, quite new in Egyptian travel. It is nothing less than the capsizing of the dahabeeah. Fortunately, the travellers and crew, with the exception of the cook, who was drowned, escaped; but it was a narrow escape.

During the momentary stillness of the vessel, when she recovered from her first great lurch, I had left my room—which was on the port side of the vessel—and was just reaching the saloon as the vessel made her final heel on the opposite side and turned almost bottom upwards, filling passage, rooms, and saloon, and floating all the furniture of the ship's interior about in every direction. Amongst this awful confusion, with chairs, tables, cushions, guns, books, and all the many relics of our late luxurious life on the river, I was now hurled; and, although a good swimmer, had scarcely time, so very sudden was the accident, to take a really long breath, before I found myself face to face with death, with almost no chance of escaping. I easily gained the outer saloon-doors, though not without receiving some bruises from the tables and chairs, which continued to shoot about in the water; and grasping the handles of the sliding-doors, which met in the centre of the doorway, I tried to force them back; yet, having nothing to stand on worth calling "a footing," my endeavours seemed for a moment hopelessly futile. However, by placing my feet against the lower doorpost (for the door was horizontal now, not perpendicular), I gained some slight support, and, pulling with my well-nigh spent strength against the force of the water, it opened—how, I cannot say; but I have a vague remembrance of passing through the water and seeing ropes hanging about, strange objects around me, and distinctly recollect my head coming into contact with some large box or heavy article, too substantial to be easily forgotten, more especially as my head was bruised for a week afterwards.

The escape of one of the ladies was a much "nearer" thing. She was in her cabin, which was on the starboard side; the vessel heeled over to port, and she had just time to struggle out through the window, and was helped by a sailor to a place among the rest in the bottom of the craft. How they got ashore, and dried their clothes; how they were taken up by a friendly party, and how they continued their voyage, may be read in Mr. Arnold's pages. The book is introduced by a preface from Mr. Edwin Arnold, who apparently quite understands the fact that a work about Egypt which contains nothing new except the upsetting of the ship needs some sort of apology; he therefore invites those who have already been up and down the Nile to revive by the reading of these pages the memory of their voyage and the daily life they led on board a dahabeeah. He also suggests that the tourist will find it to his advantage to take the book up the Nile with him. It may be pleasant to revive old memories of foreign travel; but we cannot follow Mr. Edwin Arnold in advising the tourist to study, book in hand, the daily course of the author when he journeys up the Nile. Rather, we would advise him very seriously to follow his own course and make his own log, and not to trouble himself about Mr. Julian Arnold. It will not really afford him any satisfaction to know that another traveller took eight hours to travel over a space which he himself is accomplishing in seven hours and a half, and when he smells those bats, it will not relieve him much to remember that Mr. Julian Arnold found them just as disagreeable. Perhaps, as space is limited, the tourist will find it more useful to take with him one or more of the books written purposely to instruct travellers as to the meaning of the temples and ruins, and as to the many remarkable adventures and vicissitudes which have been experienced by the land of Egypt from Cheops to Arabi.

## MARTIN'S HORACE.\*

IT is more than twenty years since Sir Theodore Martin published his translation of the *Odes of Horace*. The *Satires* appeared about ten years later; and now at length the work has been completed by the addition of the *Epistles* and *Art of Poetry*, and of a Life of the poet himself. Whether the long delay is due to acquiescence in Horace's advice to the young Piso, or to more pressing literary occupations, there can be no question as to the great merits of the work as it now stands. With the exception of Conington, no English translator of Horace can compete on equal

\* *Palms and Temples: being Notes of a Four Months' Voyage upon the Nile*. By Julian T. Biddulph Arnold. With a Preface by Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., Author of "The Light of Asia." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1882.

\* *The Works of Horace*. Translated into English Verse, with a Life and Notes, by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons.

terms with Sir Theodore Martin. On the relative merits of these two translators we shall have more to say presently; but it may be remarked here that Sir Theodore Martin seems to have been considerably influenced, since the appearance of his version of the *Satires*, by Conington's theories of translation. The principle of metrical uniformity enunciated by Conington has met with wide acceptance among scholars; and, though it is no doubt undesirable to apply the rule in all cases, still it is at worst only an overstatement of the obvious fact that a happy choice of metre contributes largely to the beauty of a poem, and that, other things being equal, a translation which reproduces or suggests the metre of the original is better than one which does not. Sir Theodore Martin says in the course of a few introductory words on the subject that he has "no pet theory of translation to illustrate"; he is still

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

But it is evident that he has carefully considered the question of metres, and the most important changes made in the Odes involve a recognition of Conington's theory in its modified form. It is in the Sapphic odes that changes are most frequent. Several of these have been entirely re-written, and though the new versions are not all in the same metre, they all resemble the originals in ending each stanza with a short line. Horace's Ode to his lyre in the first book, and that in the second book to Crispus Sallustius, have perhaps gained more than others by the revision. Besides changes of metre, terseness is the quality which seems to have been chiefly studied in the new translations. Compared with Conington, Sir Theodore Martin must always appear diffuse; but he has now replaced several rather lengthy versions by translations containing the same number of stanzas as the originals, and reproducing satisfactorily the brief and pregnant character of Horace's lyric writing. The well-known Ode to the fountain of Bandusia, among others, has been greatly improved by this change of treatment. Scarcely anywhere has greater fidelity to the form or matter of the original injured the effect of the translation as an English poem.

In the *Epistles*, which are now published for the first time, Sir Theodore Martin has to a great extent accepted Conington's theory that the heroic couplet is the proper vehicle for the translation of Horace's hexameters. In translating the *Satires* he adopted for the most part the metre of *Hudibras*, which Conington, without perhaps sufficient reason, altogether condemned. Hexameter verse was to Latin poets so very much more than the heroic couplet is to us, that to insist on the invariable use of this one metre in translating Latin satire seems somewhat pedantic. Nor is there any reason why the metre which Goldsmith used with such good effect in the *Retaliation* should be entirely excluded. We are, however, glad to find that Sir Theodore Martin has in the *Epistles* discarded the fourteen-syllable ballad metre which he used twice in the *Satires*. For a translator whose one failing is a tendency to diffuseness this metre is especially dangerous, besides being somewhat unsuited to the subject of satire. Of the twenty-three *Epistles*, including the *Art of Poetry*, which Horace wrote, twenty are now translated into heroic verse, the shorter lines being happily chosen for the light, chatty letters to Manlius and Iccius, while the metre of the *Retaliation* is used for the letter of inquiries addressed to Numonius Vala.

Of the translation itself we can speak in terms of almost unqualified praise. Whether it be looked at from the point of view of the scholar or of the English reader it is alike excellent. It will, we think, rank even higher than the translations of the *Odes* and *Satires*; for, while it is fully as happy in expression, and as accurate in the representation of Horace's meaning, it is, owing to considerations which have already been discussed, less open to criticism in respect of form. Perhaps Sir Theodore Martin's chief characteristic as a translator is consummate ease. One might read page after page without ever suspecting that the work was a translation; and yet, on comparing it with the Latin, it will be found that almost every shade of meaning is expressed or suggested with a fidelity which Conington himself has scarcely equalled. A comparison of the work of the two translators is inevitable, and the more recent writer has no reason to shrink from it. Both Conington and Sir Theodore Martin have a high reputation for scholarship, and the works of both display poetical powers of a high order. But in the case of the former the poet is subordinate to the scholar, while the latter regards scholarship as the humble servant of poetry. The matter of chief importance is to the one the Latin, to the other the English. Sir Theodore Martin's "sole aim has been to convey to the mind of an English reader the impression, as nearly as may be, which the originals produce upon his own." To accomplish this end he is always ready to sacrifice terseness to clearness, the expression to the thing expressed. When placed between the two alternatives of expansion and omission he never hesitates to choose the former. Hence it follows, what one would not perhaps have expected, that his translation follows the Latin more closely than Conington's. Conington is constantly striving to reproduce the form as well as the matter of the original, and sometimes in despair, as it seems, of being able to express all Horace's meaning within a reasonable number of lines, he omits a part of it or has recourse to paraphrase. A good example of these two methods of treatment may be found in the *Epistle* to Mæcenas, with which the first book opens. Horace is speaking of the infinite variety of men's tastes and occupations. He writes:—

Pars hominum gestit conducere publica, sunt qui  
Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras  
Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant;  
Nullus occulto crescit res lenore.

Sir Theodore Martin expands this into six lines:—

Some kinds of men there are, for whom to farm  
The public taxes has peculiar charm;  
Some who their lures with cakes and apples bait  
For thrifty widows with a good estate;  
Some catch old men, to suck their purses dry;  
By usury some their riches multiply.

Conington's version is in length, at any rate, closer to the original:—

Some farm the taxes; some delight to see  
Their money grow by usury, like a tree;  
Some bait a widow-trap with fruits and cakes,  
And net old men to stock their private lakes.

Opinions will, no doubt, differ as to the relative merits of these two renderings; but there can be no question which of them would best convey Horace's meaning to an English reader ignorant of the Latin. Conington's last line would be unintelligible to any one who did not know all about the *vivaria* of the wealthy Romans. In the previous line, too, the force of the epithet *avaris* is entirely lost. On the other hand, the full sense of *occulto* is admirably given in Conington's second line, which happily reminds one of the very similar expression in the famous Ode to Augustus:—

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo  
Fama Marcelli.

With regard to the first line, Sir Theodore Martin's anxiety to give the full force of *gestit* has led him into undue prolixity, while Conington has chosen to omit the word altogether. It may be remarked, too, that Conington has here, as he often does, inverted Horace's order—a liberty which Sir Theodore Martin seldom, if ever, takes. This change, together with the expansion of the metaphor of the tree, has given to the clause concerning usury a prominence which it has not in the Latin; so that, in the matter of proportion, the more lengthy version comes nearer to the original. In rendering the well-known lines from the *Art of Poetry*,

Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,  
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,

the superiority of Sir Theodore Martin is more clearly apparent. He translates as follows:—

Now, if my judgment be not much amiss,  
The charm and worth of order lie in this:—  
In saying just what should just then be said.

Conington paraphrases the first line:—

Would you be told how best your pearls to thread?  
Why, say just now what should just now be said.

The first line is certainly not easy to translate well and at the same time tersely, and Conington shirks the difficulty to avoid expansion. The longer version, however, is as good as can be desired; "charm" and "worth" translate the words *venus* and *virtus* admirably; and it is easy to overrate the importance of making a translation consist of exactly the same number of lines as the original, in other than lyric poetry.

But it is impossible to do justice to either writer by making short quotations. Enough has been said to illustrate the view which we have taken of their relative merits. It would be difficult to say which work is of the greater value. If Sir Theodore Martin is more invariably successful, it is partly because he has set himself a somewhat easier task than the one which Conington undertook. The never-failing ease and grace of his verse are largely due to the fact that he goes steadily on his way without troubling himself about the canons of translation. Conington, on the other hand, is always striving to unite the two qualities, so often incompatible, of terseness and completeness. The occasional obscurity and frequent appearance of effort caused by these attempts will no doubt lead readers whose ignorance of Latin prevents them from appreciating the causes of such defects to pronounce decidedly in favour of Sir Theodore Martin. Scholars will hesitate before they confirm this judgment. The merit of success is in proportion to the difficulty of the undertaking, and Conington at his best is unapproachable. There is perhaps nothing in the whole range of classical translation better than his splendid version of the lines, near the beginning of the *Art of Poetry*, in which the poet's difficulties are described. It is seldom, indeed, that a single writer finds two such interpreters in one generation, and the question of precedence may very well be left unsettled. The following lines, taken from the *Epistle* to Mæcenas, will serve to show how thoroughly Sir Theodore Martin is at home in Horace's more colloquial passages:—

"No bay in all the world so sweet and fair  
As may with Baie," Dives cries, "compare!"  
And bay and lake anon are made to feel  
Their mushroom owner's misdirected zeal.  
A new whim strikes him. "With your tools," he'll say,  
"Off to Teanum pack by break of day!"  
The nuptial couch, we see it in his hall—  
"A single life," he says, "is best of all."  
But let him be a bachelor, and then  
"None, none," he vows, "are blest but married men!"  
Who will provide me with a noose to bind  
And hold a Proteus of this shifty kind?  
Are poor men better? No! They're just as swift,  
Their garret, barber, cookshop, bath to shift;  
They'll hire a boat for pleasure, and in that  
Be quite as sick as Cæsus in his yacht.

The Life of Horace which is prefixed to the translations calls for no criticism here, as it has already appeared in the series of

*Ancient Classics* edited by Mr. Lucas Collins. It contains little that will be new to classical scholars, but is admirably calculated to convey a clear and pleasing idea of Roman life and manners to those English readers for whom it is obviously intended. We cannot close this notice without some reference to the way in which the book is got up. The luxury of *papier vergé*, which is rather ostentatiously paraded in the publishers' announcements of the work, is but poor compensation for bad printing and worse binding. The volumes will not lie open without pressure, under which they crack and gape; the ink is grey rather than black; and the boasted paper itself is so transparent that the printing on the reverse side of the leaf shows through and aggravates the indistinctness caused by the faint colour of the ink. In these respects the book contrasts most unfavourably with the earlier editions of Sir Theodore Martin's translation of the *Odes*.

#### ROYAL ANGUS.\*

IN *Royal Angus*, written by a scion of the illustrious house of Douglas, we fancied we had an historical novel, possibly founded on family papers. There we were wrong, and we were not sorry to be undeceived; for we have a horror of the historical novel, unless it has fallen into a master's hand; and domestic fiction, above all, is dismal reading when the author has mounted a favourite hobby. *Royal Angus*, however, is by no means historical, but is simply a novel of the period, steeped in the essence of sport, and with a strong flavour of recklessness and promiscuous "plunging." Lord Royal Angus is the younger brother of the wealthy and open-handed Marquis of Dover, who has all the qualities that make a model head of a house when the younger branches are inclined to "go muckers." He has a fellow-feeling with their weaknesses, and even with their vices. He is wedded to sport himself, and encourages devotion to it in others. He has a magnificent mansion in town, and no end of country seats of various sizes, the doors of which stand always hospitably open. Of course he has impeccable cooks, and an inexhaustible cellar; his wife is good-natured as himself, and, moreover, one of the queens of society; and, finally, with an income of 100,000*l.* per annum, he is ready to pay any amount of debts in reason. Only, and very sensibly, he is inclined to draw the line at indiscriminate gambling, at wild plunging upon open events, and at backing bills for gentlemen of straw, in serene contempt of the inevitable consequences. So that Royal Angus, on a more magnificent scale than Colonel Rawdon Crawley, is enabled to practise what Thackeray called the art of living sumptuously upon nothing a year. He is entitled to a pittance, when he shall come of age, of a few miserable hundreds a year, and a few thousands more in ready money. Eating his wheat, as the French say, in the blade, and anticipating his moderate inheritance, "the boy," as Lord James Douglas delights to call him, is a trifle more extravagant than his wealthy brother, remembering that the one is a bachelor, and the other a married nobleman of great position. He has his comfortable house in Piccadilly, and a charming cottage on the Thames near Cookham. He has a stud of hunters at Melton, and a string of racers in training at Newmarket. He lays or takes the odds carelessly in thousands, and bestows wedding presents in priceless jewellery with the munificence of an Oriental despot. But if charity covers a multitude of sins, Lord Royal's extravagances should be amply atoned for. He picks up a waif, in the shape of a pretty flower-girl, recommended to his kindness by her dying mother for no particular reason that we can discover, and settles upon her offhand an annuity of 300*l.*, besides establishing her as the tenant of his cottage on the Thames. This he does with no ulterior and sinister designs, but simply from generous feelings that do him the highest honour; though subsequently, indeed, he has reason to pray that he may be kept out of temptation. For Lord Royal, as may be supposed, is neither saint nor ascetic; and, indeed, the morality of the novel is a little mixed.

Lord Royal himself made a fatal false start in very early life, when he neglected to secure the hand with the heart of a beautiful Miss Muriel March. Miss March ought to have been a great heiress, had not her father wrecked his fortunes on the turf. Hence *ille lacrima*, and a good deal of future trouble. Lord Royal hesitates about marrying a well-born beggar, and indeed, had he proposed, Miss March might have hung back. For she loves the show and the luxuries of life, and is keenly susceptible to the advantages of handsome settlements. The mistake and misfortune were, that the couple did not confide in Lord Dover, who remarks afterwards that he would have done anything to meet their wishes, though Royal at that time was still in his teens. As it was, the pair drifted apart, and Miss March married the rich Lord Cranstoun for his money. For their mutual comfort, and to meet the wishes of the ever enamoured Lord Royal, Muriel could hardly have made a happier choice. For Lord Cranstoun, though his common sense is his strong point, is the most confiding and liberal-minded of husbands. He knows, "not to put too fine a point upon it," that his wife is deeply in love with Lord Royal; yet he not only does not keep them apart, but does his utmost, on the contrary, to bring them together. He hears Royal call Lady Cranstoun "Muriel" habitually; and smiles complacently at their constantly going about together. He takes

her down to Melton, and lets Royal mount her for the chase. Here Lady Cranstoun comes to grief over a wired fence, and Lord Royal risks his life to rescue her. Cranstoun encourages Lady Cranstoun's attendance in Lord Royal's sick room, where she watches the sufferer's anguished pillow with the tenderness of a ministering angel.

The scene of their final separation in this world is still more tragic, and abounds to overflowing with sensational and startling elements. Lord Royal, hopelessly love-stricken for his lost lady-love, who becomes daily more dear to him, has gone mountaineering in the Bernese Oberland, and quartered himself in the little hamlet of Reckingen. Muriel has pointed out to him that it is ill waiting for dead men's shoes; and, though she implies that she would gladly marry him on Lord Cranstoun's demise, she intimates that that event must be distant in the course of nature. Moreover, she likes and respects her husband, if she does not love him; and she is fully alive to the advantages of his rent-roll. But, in the meantime, Lord Cranstoun, as an overwrought senator, feels that a change of air and scene is advisable; so, of all places in the habitable globe, he carries off his beautiful wife to Reckingen. If he is not equal to any excessive exertion himself, he knows that Royal will always be ready as her escort and guardian. As for Lady Cranstoun, exercise in its most severe forms has inexpressible charms for her. Lord Royal has been going in for big mountains indefatigably; but by way of a nice little thing, likely to tempt a lady who has been training through a course of the London season, he invites Muriel to accompany him up the Finster Aarhorn. Of course she jumps at the proposal, and Lord Cranstoun actually volunteers to accompany them. Nothing can exceed the lightness of heart in which the expedition is undertaken, though Lord Royal does tell Lady Cranstoun that she will be the first English lady who has ever attempted the adventure. So far as we can understand, the party take neither porters nor provisions, and they are attended by a single guide who has not yet attained his majority. They stroll up in four hours and a half, not including an hour allowed for repose. And when they have strolled up, Lord Royal remarks casually that this is not Alpine climbing, but a mere picnic; and that the famous Finster Aarhorn is merely a molehill in the Alps. He admits, however, that there was one really nasty bit in the shape of a glacier-precipice they had passed; and Lord Cranstoun's pleasures in the prospect from the summit of the mountain are spoiled by reflections on that *mauvais pas* they have to re-pass. His lordship's forebodings, as might have been supposed, are ominous, though, as it proves, it is not himself they concern. The excursionists come on their return to the formidable ice-wall—a lady, a middle-aged man about town, and the heroic Lord Royal, all strung together on a single rope, and tied to a Swiss lad of twenty. Lord Royal remarks with sublime confidence that, if they do slip, which is extremely probable, he trusts to the Swiss to hold them up. The slip comes of course; the gallant, though immature, mountaineer does his best; but he is overtaken by the peer and his wife sprawling about anyhow, while Lord Royal hangs dangling over the precipice. The strength of Swiss muscles has its limits, and the mountaineer warns them that the limit is nearly reached. Lord Royal, however, is equal to the occasion, and preserves his presence of mind. "Can you pull up the others if I cut the rope and hold on with my knife?" he demands hurriedly. "Yes," gasps the guide in reply; but hints at the same time that seconds are precious. So the chivalrous Lord Royal cuts himself loose with a supreme effort, to be shivered to pieces on the glacier seventeen hundred feet below. And we may remark that the end which brought him to such signal and sudden grief was but a fitting climax to his headlong career, which was continually bringing him into collision with something. Lord Cranstoun did his best to comfort his wife, with a tenderness and delicacy beyond all praise; though he knew well, as we are reminded, that with Royal's death all the joy and brightness of her life had departed. We cannot suppose that in devising this tragical *dénouement* Lord James Douglas was altogether ignorant of the difficulties of the ascent of the Finster Aarhorn. But, if he had provided the novices who ventured it, and who habitually travel with a troop of attendants, with a sufficient force of guides and followers, Lord Royal's deed of self-sacrifice might have been impossible; so Lord James had to trust to the innocence of his readers. The incident, as we have hastily outlined it, gives the general character of his story. The author writes pleasantly; and, in spite of its absurdities, the novel is easy and agreeable reading; but, while many of the incidents are most unlikely, to say the least of them, the characters are superficial and necessarily inconsistent.

#### ROUMANIA PAST AND PRESENT.\*

IT frequently occurs in the folk-tales of Eastern Europe that a slain hero, sprinkled with the Water of Life, recovers his strength and his senses, and rises to his feet exclaiming, "What a long time I have slept!" Of somewhat similar nature to revivals of this kind is the recent resuscitation of what is now the kingdom of Roumania. Not long ago the land lay locked in a slumber like that of death. At last came an awaking which bids fair to be the prelude to an active life. The spectacle which

\* *Royal Angus*. By Lord James Douglas. London: Bentley & Son. 1882.

\* *Roumania Past and Present*. By James Samuelson. London: Longman & Co. 1882.

this national revival offers is one of great interest to all observers, especially to those whom the future of Eastern Europe concerns. That future, as the preface to the present volume remarks, depends upon many contingencies—upon the relations of the Government of Russia with its people, the treatment by Austria of its newly acquired provinces, the behaviour of the Russophile Prince of Bulgaria and his subjects, the probable progress of Greece, the possible improvement of Turkey, and a variety of other matters, among which a prominent place is due to the action of Roumania. On all these subjects really sound information is of vital importance. Mr. Samuelson has therefore done good service by carefully studying the past and present of Roumania, and honestly recording his impressions in the valuable and interesting work now before us. Much of what he has described he has seen with his own eyes. In drawing upon the information of others, he has chosen his sources wisely, relying upon the statements of such excellent authorities as the late Sir John Green, formerly our Consul-General, and Mr. W. A. White, at present our Minister Plenipotentiary at Bucharest. Statements which are backed by such testimony may be accepted without hesitation.

Mr. Samuelson has devoted a full half of his book to the past of Roumania. As he says in the eloquent summary with which he concludes his historical sketch, "conquered first and civilized by one who ranks among the greatest heroes of the Roman Empire," Roumania "has inherited a high antiquity, of which she may be justly proud." It is true that "one modern writer, Carra, who is considered an authority in Roumanian history, says that the Romans regarded Dacia as the French Cayenne, and sent thither a colony consisting of the scum of the principal towns in Greece and the Roman Empire." But this idea seems to rely for confirmation rather upon the state of degradation into which the inhabitants of the Danubian Principalities had sunk under Turkish rule at the time when Carra wrote, a century ago, than upon any historical evidence. We may mention, by way of supplement to Mr. Samuelson's account of Trajan's Column as an illustration of Dacian history, the supposition that Dacia was symbolized by the female figure kneeling at Trajan's feet in the Roman bas-relief, which gave rise, first to the story of that Emperor's act of justice to an injured widow, then to the legend that his soul was released from hell in consequence of the prayers of Pope Gregory the Great, who had been deeply touched by the sight of the piece of sculpture as he passed through Trajan's Forum, and, finally, to the long controversy which troubled the Church as to whether the Pope was right or wrong in praying for the salvation of a defunct pagan.

From Roman times Mr. Samuelson passes on to the long and gloomy period of the barbarian rule, during which, for many centuries after the evacuation of Dacia by Aurelian, about 274 A.D., the fertile Danubian plains were successively overrun by Goths, Huns, Avars, Bulgarians, Hungarians, and Tartars. Then he describes how, as the barbaric tide ebbed away from the exhausted land, there was laid the foundation, between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, of those Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia which for a time flourished so vigorously, especially under the rule of Michael the Brave of Wallachia, "the central figure in the past history of Roumania," until, after long-continued struggles for independence, they became tributaries of the Porte. How much the country must have suffered during the worst period of its subjugation, that of the sway of the Phanariote rulers or "farmers-general," may be judged from the statement that during the space of ninety years Wallachia alone "passed through the hands of forty different princes, independently of the time when it was occupied by the Russians, from 1770 to 1774, by the Austrians and Russians, from 1789 to 1792, and by the Russians again, from 1806 to 1812."

Mr. Samuelson next deals with the awaking of a new spirit in the Principalities, after they had again passed under the rule of native princes, due to the Greek rising of 1821-2; a change for the better, which took the form first of a national intellectual regeneration, and then of what proved to be an unsuccessful struggle for independence. And, finally, he describes the union of the Principalities under Prince Couza, so reluctantly assented to by the Porte in 1861, the deposition of that ill-starred ruler in 1866, and the election of Prince Charles of Roumania, who is now in the second year of his reign as King of Roumania. We may contribute an anecdote to what is one of the most interesting parts of Mr. Samuelson's chronicle, the description of how the young Roumanian army astonished the world by its courage and discipline during the Russo-Turkish war. When Osman Pasha surrendered at Plevna, he wished to give up his sword to Prince Charles, and handed it for that purpose to a Roumanian officer. But a Russian major who, the story runs, was inspired by another spirit than that of chivalry, wrenched it from the hands of its first recipient, and conveyed it in triumph to the headquarters of his own army. The Roumanian officer who allowed himself to be thus despoiled has ever since been under a cloud in his native land.

Mr. Samuelson speaks of the present of Roumania with a satisfaction which a favourable contrast with the past justly inspires, and of its future with a hope that all must wish to see realized. The immense improvements which have taken place in the condition of the land and its people during the last sixteen years are severally described with some enthusiasm, but with an evident desire to be fair and correct. Of the royal rulers of the country Mr. Samuelson has nothing to say that is not laudatory. The King is a brave soldier and a skilful general. He is also a kindly,

honest, and intelligent gentleman, who devotes himself to the interests of his subjects, and who in politics is "a Constitutional Liberal." The Queen is a gracious lady, who gains the hearts of all who draw near to her by her winning manner and her generous sympathy. She is also known, under the name of Carmen Sylva, as a poetess and a thinker; a volume of her poems appeared in German last year, and a collection of her *Pensées* in French this year. Of several of the members of the Ministry, past or present, Mr. Samuelson speaks in terms of high praise. The first place among living Roumanian politicians he attributes to M. Constantin A. Rosetti, who was recently Home Secretary. This distinguished statesman is a member of an old Boyard family of Italian origin, who served as a young man in the national army, and who also published "many interesting Roumanian poems." In the struggle for independence of 1848 he was one of the patriotic leaders who looked for aid rather to Western Europe than to Russia; and when the attempt was foiled by the intervention of the Emperor Nicholas, who sent his troops into the Principalities as "liberators," he was obliged to fly to France, whence he returned home after the Crimean War. While in Paris he became intimate with Michelet, Quinet, and other French men of letters, and made the acquaintance of Mr. Gladstone, "who was subsequently made a Roumanian citizen by an Act of the Legislature about the year 1861, and whom the Roumanians still regard with feelings of great respect and admiration." On his return home, in 1856, M. Rosetti founded the *Romanul*, one of the leading daily papers of Bucharest, in the publishing office of which he "lives with great simplicity." Politically he has always carried great weight, having taken a leading part in the union of the Principalities under Prince Couza, as well as in the deposition of that ruler when his measures became unconstitutional. In 1866 he was one of the provisional Government, and was at first by no means favourably disposed towards the present King, who was, Mr. Samuelson believes, recommended to the Roumanians by the Emperor Napoleon III.; but he afterwards became one of his most faithful advisers. An interesting episode in his history is his escape, along with the other leaders of the Revolution of 1848, from Turkish captivity. He and his fellow-prisoners had been conveyed to Orsova in a Turkish gunboat, and there landed. Mme. Rosetti, a lady who is English by birth, had followed them thither, disguised as a peasant woman, and carrying her infant child in her arms. At Orsova she succeeded in making their guards drunk, and her husband and his companions escaped. Had it not been for her energy and devotion, of which Michelet has sung the praises in his *Légendes démocratiques du Nord*, Mr. Samuelson thinks that "it is probable they would never have escaped, but would have languished and died in a Turkish prison in Bosnia, whilst Roumania might have been at this day a Turkish pashalik or a Russian province." From among the other leading Roumanians Mr. Samuelson singles out for special praise M. Bratiano, President of the Council and Minister of Finance, "a quiet, courteous man," who is "full of pleasant humour, and has the bearing and manner of an English gentleman," and who is so thoroughly in accord with M. Rosetti that "many of the un-informed poorer classes, who have not seen them, believe them to be one person, whom they call 'Bratiano-Rosetti.'" But honourable mention is made also of Prince Demeter Ghika, President of the Senate, "a fine burly good-natured gentleman of the old school"; Prince Jon Ghika, the present Roumanian Ambassador in London, "a patriot and a savant, whose sons were educated in England"; M. Stasesco, the Foreign Minister, "a young and promising statesman"; M. Stourdza, the Director of the National Credit Association; and M. Cogalniceanu, a deputy who has written a history of Roumania, and who was a Minister under Prince Couza, and is said to have been the author of the Act of 1864, which created the peasant proprietary of the country.

Of the working of this Act Mr. Samuelson gives an interesting account, hinting at the same time that it would be well to introduce into Ireland such arbitrary changes as that by which in Roumania "a portion of the soil was taken from the Boyard at a fixed price and sold to the peasant, without delay or litigation." As the peasants had no money, "the Government paid the Boyards, taking the titles of the land in pledge, and the peasants were bound to repay the amount to the State in annual instalments." The industrious peasants have by this time paid for their allotted lands, and many of them have continued to purchase land from the indigent Boyards. But there are many who have become seriously embarrassed, owing to their indolence and misconduct, and a great number who have even sunk into virtual servitude. About a third of the whole peasantry, Mr. Samuelson considers, "are owners of their holdings without hypothecation, are doing well, and buying up additional land"; about as many more are in possession of their holdings, but have been obliged to pledge their labour for a year or longer; and the remaining third are practically serfs on their own farms." There is another point in which Mr. Samuelson thinks the example of Roumania might be advantageously followed by England. Capital punishment was legally abrogated in 1865, and the Constitution of 1866 declares that it can never be re-established except for military offences. "The halter and the cat," Mr. Samuelson informs us, are "two of the barbarous expedients for the prevention of crime which are still employed in our boasted Western civilization." In one respect Roumania is certainly to be envied. "Her total expenditure on all judicial and general matters in 1880 was under 170,000*l.*, with a population of 5,000,000; whilst with only seven times that

number of inhabitants the Government outlay of Great Britain in the same year amounted to the enormous sum of 5,922,443*l.*, without reckoning the heavy local burdens for the protection of life and property." On the other hand, the cost of the Divorce Courts must be heavy in Roumania. For, in spite of the great improvement in public morality during the last sixteen years, due to the excellent example set by the Court, Mr. Samuelson tells us that "in 1880 there were 3,891 divorce causes set down for trial," and the number of divorces legally granted during the six preceding years "varied from 760 to 929 annually." On the whole, Mr. Samuelson appears to have made out his case, and to have proved that Roumania is a country well worthy of being studied, and having before it the prospect of a future which may supply history with a brilliant page.

#### WINTERS ABROAD.\*

"MY object," says Mr. Otter, "in writing this book is to give those persons who are advised by their doctors to spend their winters away from England on account of health some information respecting the different places which I have myself visited for the same reason." He has travelled somewhat widely. Nearly two years he passed in Australia, and he has much to tell us of Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, and Tasmania. South Australia he did not visit. Once, to escape the English winter, he went to the Cape of Good Hope, and once to Algiers. He has, moreover, benefited by the dryness of the air that equally prevails in Egypt, with its palm groves, and in Davos, with its wastes of snow. He has carefully noted down the effects of all these places on his own health; and he has shown, moreover, what attractions and what drawbacks each place has for the ordinary visitor. The Riviera, it will be noticed, is not included in his work. The omission is of less importance as books on it abound. Yet, though he does not give it a chapter, he manages now and then to give it a passing blow. Health-resorts have, as it were, their factions, who cry up their favourite and cry down its rival with as much eagerness as if they themselves had a large money stake in the success of a particular place. Mr. Otter has suffered from those terrible winds the Bise and the Mistral. "So far," he writes, "as my experience goes, one of these winds is almost always blowing along the whole south coast of France from Toulouse to Nice during the spring months; and it passes my comprehension why so many hundreds of my fellow-countrymen, who are considered too delicate to winter at home, are yearly sent down to encounter them." We are not concerned to uphold the reputation of Cannes, though we can look back with pleasure on the warmth of its days of spring. Nevertheless, we have felt the mistral there, and we have fled from the mistral. Still, we are ready to maintain that our author's experience is both limited and unfortunate. The Bise and the Mistral are not like the Liberals and Conservatives—one in whenever the other is out. Moreover, he forgets that further to the east these winds lose their force. At Mentone they are but rarely and but little felt—scarcely ever, indeed, in the East Bay—and eastward of Mentone are Bordighera, San Remo, and Alassio. He is, we can well believe, justified when he says that in respect of wines "the hotels in Davos compare most favourably with all the hotels in the Riviera." The landlords of the Riviera too often aim at forcing their guests to buy the dearer qualities, by setting before them cheap wines which are as disgusting as most physic and perhaps still more unwholesome. Yet at a few miles' distance in the little taverns on the mountain-sides a wine can often be got at a franc a bottle which is at least palatable and wholesome.

Mr. Otter not only considers the effect of each climate in itself, but also he has had an attentive eye to those sanitary arrangements which are scarcely less important than climate. In his first trip in search of health he had a sad experience of the dreadful results of man's gross ignorance and neglect. A cousin of his, "a strong and healthy young man," who had gone with him to Australia, a few weeks after their arrival in Hobart Town, was carried off by typhoid fever. He fell a victim to "a large open main sewer that ran through the centre of the town." We may hope that in the nine years that have since elapsed the capital of Tasmania has been freed from this shameful blot. Cape Town Mr. Otter found scarcely less poisonous, though it is to some extent purified by a drying wind that is known by the name of the "Cape doctor." "The water supply," he writes, "is very inadequate, and so bad is the drainage and noisome the smells that the place would be almost uninhabitable without this wind." With Hobart Town and Cape Town, in these bad respects, Algiers, according to our author, would deserve to rank. There is, however, this source of comfort. It is very dry places that suit those whose lungs are weak, and in very dry places bad drainage is least dangerous. The visitor to many a town on the Riviera is at first often astonished how it is that he and every one in his hotel are not attacked by diphtheria or typhoid fever. He soon notices that no one's health seems the least the worse, and before long he ceases to trouble his head about defects in drainage which would be enough, and more than enough, to breed a pestilence in an English watering-place.

Mr. Otter writes almost entirely for the invalid who can afford

to live an idle life. He does not, if we are not mistaken, recommend a single spot of those that he visited as a permanent residence, such as almost all men need who have their living to get. The Australian Riverina, for instance, he considers as "particularly adapted during nine months of the year for persons suffering from affections of the lungs"; but the heats of mid-summer are far too great for them, and even try those who are in vigorous health. Those of the inhabitants who can afford a change often pass the three hottest months in Tasmania or New Zealand. Useful, therefore, as such a book as this is, its use unfortunately is confined to a very small class. We need a work which shall tell us not only where health may be patched up, but where it may be so far restored that the common everyday life of man may be led from year to year. It is clear that such spots, if they are to be of any avail to Englishmen, must be sought in countries where English is spoken. Mr. Otter does, indeed, mention the Darling Downs—the tableland to the north-west of Brisbane—as a place that "might be made a pleasant and healthy residence during a great part of the year." But he only spent a few weeks there, and he cannot, therefore, speak with certainty. It is, indeed, asserted, as we know from other sources, that this district is far better suited than any other part of Australia for those who have a tendency to consumption; being free from that excessive heat and those sudden and violent changes in temperature which in other parts of the continent have so often proved fatal to those who had gone thither in hopes of restoring their health. But, if we may trust recent reports, the most favoured spot in Australia falls far behind the lofty tablelands of Wyoming and Colorado. There, it is said, consumption is unknown; while, if the life is rough—and rough it certainly is—work is well paid and food abundant. These vast districts in the Rocky Mountains, with their dry climate and severe winter, may one day become the Davos of the working classes. Those also who can afford to spend their life merely in the pursuit of health would not do ill if they were to settle in a country where they can work, and work with ease. Enforced idleness depresses the spirits, and almost as fast as a good climate repairs the breaches in the constitution opens them afresh.

It may be, however, that in the almost unbounded praise that is bestowed on these tablelands there is something of that exaggeration which is a mark of the Western States of America. When we consider what a scourge consumption is in this country, and how many thousands there are who die of it every year in their youth who might elsewhere live long and useful and happy lives, we think that a Government would not do ill which should gather the most accurate information about the health-resorts for those who have to live by working, and should publish it in every parish in the country. Information should be provided, moreover, as to the best means of reaching these places, and as to the expense of the different journeys. To put it on the lowest grounds, the saving in the cost that sickness brings either on the household or the union would soon amount to ten-thousandfold the expense of such an inquiry.

But we have been led somewhat far from our author by thus considering what his book does not supply, or at least supplies to a very limited extent. While we are quite ready to allow that, for the class for whom he writes, it is, on the whole, well adapted, yet even these may find in it some defects. His information, so far as his earlier voyages are concerned, is often out of date. Thus he visited Brisbane in 1873; but what is the worth of the description of a town in Queensland as it was nine years ago? To the antiquary, indeed, such an account may be of interest; but to the traveller it is worse than useless, because it is misleading. Between 1873 and 1881 the population of Brisbane rose from twelve thousand to thirty-three thousand. When a town advances with such vast strides, of what advantage can it be for a writer whose knowledge is only of the first of these years to say "There are two or three moderate-sized inns in the town, but none of them looked very inviting"? The moderate-sized inns have, no doubt, been replaced by what are called "palatial hotels." There is now and then in his narrative a certain simplicity in the information that he supplies. Thus, after telling us that he did not visit New Zealand, he adds:—"I have been told, on very good authority, that during the summer months the climate of the southern island is delightful." Does he not know that books by the score have been published on New Zealand? We shall next expect to find some traveller publish to the world that, though he was not able to visit India, yet he has been told, on very good authority, that during the summer months the climate there is uncommonly warm. In showing how it comes about that the climate of Hobart Town is more temperate than that of Nice—though both towns are at about the same distance from the equator—he writes, "This is attributable to the fact that in the southern hemisphere an almost unexplored icebound region extends to within about 65° of the equator." He seems to imply that, were this region once fairly explored, there would be a great change in the climate of Hobart Town. A page or two further on he says, "We caught our first glimpse of the Australian coast on the 11th of December, the principal headland being Cape Nelson." A traveller might just as well write "We caught our first glimpse of the European coast, the principal headland being the Lizard Point." The ignorance of geography is so general and so extensive, that perhaps we ought not to express surprise that he should think it needful to open his third chapter with the statement that "Tasmania is an island lying due south of Victoria." The New Zealander or Tasmanian of the future may think it needful to inform his readers that England is an island

\* *Winters Abroad: Some Information respecting Places visited by the Author on account of his Health. Intended for the use of Invalids. By R. H. Otter, M.A. London: John Murray. 1882.*

lying due north of France. Taking the book as a whole, however, its faults are neither great nor many, and the information that it gives seems trustworthy—"reliable" our author would say. As the autumn draws nearer, there are many who are considering in what health-resort they shall seek a refuge from the miseries of our climate. Such may find a useful guide in Mr. Otter's *Winters Abroad*.

## GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE history of the English Constitution (1) occupies much the same rank among other constitutional histories as the history of Roman jurisprudence among other histories of law. It may not be the ideal, or even the best existing, constitutional form; but it is the only form which has enjoyed a steady, unbroken development from its earliest beginnings; the only one, accordingly, which preserves, as it were, the constitutional record unbroken. Other constitutions have been suspended, set aside, crushed in the germ, or violently warped or distorted; the English alone has retained that continuity of development essential for the satisfaction of the scientific historical student; while the most important modern attempts at constitutional legislation spring so directly out of it that they require to be studied in its light. The great attention, therefore, which it has received at the hands of Dr. Gneist may be explained independently of his obvious desire to invigorate the constitution of his own country by insisting on the best feature of English institutions—self-government as opposed to bureaucracy. The handsome and substantial volume which he has recently devoted to the subject consists to a certain extent of a fusion of the numerous monographs he has already composed upon various departments of it; and, as he points out in his preface, his ceaseless activity as a writer upon the reform of Prussian institutions has continually led him to establish parallels between these and the English. His work is divided into six books—the first comprising the Anglo-Saxon period; the second, Anglo-Norman feudalism to the age of Simon de Montfort; the third, the era of parliaments, courts, and councils, to the extinction of the Plantagenet dynasty; the fourth, the age of personal government, tempered by Parliamentary forms, under the Tudors; the fifth, the great constitutional conflicts under the Stuarts; the sixth, the eighteenth century, regarded both as an era of the solution of political problems and as a transition from an age of political contention to an age of social reform. The treatment is everywhere very full and exceedingly clear; and particular portions, such as the essays on party government and the relations of Church and State, might rank as distinct compositions of great value. Dr. Gneist is inevitably under great obligations to English writers, such as Stubbs and Toulmin Smith; but he everywhere preserves a perfect independence of treatment. It is satisfactory to find that his views of the prospects of Parliamentary government, both in England and Germany, are decidedly hopeful, notwithstanding the present paralysis of legislation in one country and the preponderance of personal rule in the other.

The correspondence of the Palsgrave Johann Casimir (2), younger son of the Elector-Palatine Frederick the Pious, who died in 1576, is edited in an abridged form for the Munich Academy by Herr von Bezold, and is a valuable contribution to the history of the Roman Catholic reaction in Germany in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Frederick and his son were Calvinists, and the circumstance, though an element of discord in the German Protestant body, was nevertheless serviceable in keeping up relations with the Dutch, French, Swiss, and other foreign Protestants belonging to the same confession. They also had strong French tastes and sympathies, and, dreading the Spaniards far more than the Court of Paris, maintained intimate relations with the latter even after the St. Bartholomew. Herr von Bezold's calendar is preceded by a copious and well-written introduction treating principally of the negotiations and other state transactions under John Casimir's father.

We are indebted to Dr. G. Liebscher for an interesting and valuable survey of the commercial and economical condition of Japan (3). One remarkable point which he brings out is the oppressiveness of the land-tax, which he computes to be forty times heavier than in Prussia. It is to be observed, on the other hand, that this exorbitant rate is partly by way of compensation for the arrangements which have made the cultivator the absolute owner of the soil, and that it is considerably mitigated by the recent great enhancement of the price of agricultural produce. A few years ago the peasant had to surrender 48 per cent. of his crop to pay his tax; he now contributes only 20 per cent. The discouragement to agriculture is nevertheless so great that the cultivation of many valuable staples, such as cotton, is effectually prevented. Nearly four-fifths of the revenue are derived from the land-tax, the import duties are very light and unproductive. Five-sixths of the currency is depreciated paper. The increase of the imports and exports as a whole is very marked, although liable to abrupt fluctuations; but the balance of trade is generally against Japan. On the whole, Dr. Liebscher does not take a very

favourable view of the present economical situation of the country, although he thinks much might be done to improve it by a more equitable distribution of taxation, by Government aid in the construction of roads and the introduction of agricultural machinery, and by developing new kinds of cultivation, especially cotton. The attempt to introduce the grape is likely to fail, as the Japanese will not drink wine. Rice, silk, sugar, barley, and lac are at present the principal staples, and Dr. Liebscher gives a full statistical account of the cultivation of all, as well as a series of coloured maps showing the diffusion of each industry. There are also very careful chapters on the climate and soil of Japan, with the results of the chemical analyses of the latter. The general conclusion seems to be that, in throwing aside her old exclusive and feudal system, and inviting the competition of foreigners, Japan has entered upon a struggle for existence which will tax her resources to the uttermost, but which may result favourably under an honest and judicious administration. Dr. Liebscher does not appear, however, to have over much faith in the present generation of Japanese statesmen.

Herr Ferdinand Müller's narrative of his travels in Siberia (4) is so much more entertaining than might have been expected as almost to confirm his assertion that the resources of the country are also considerably in excess of common European belief. We apprehend, however, that this favourable judgment must apply rather to the northern districts of Siberia than to those actually traversed by himself and his companion Czekanowsky; for, whatever may be said in favour of the short sudden summer and the lovely autumn, the intense cold of the six months' winter would seem quite sufficient to deter colonists who could find quarters anywhere else. Even the summer is rendered well-nigh intolerable by clouds of gnats, and at all seasons of the year the constantly recurring rainfalls or snowfalls oppose formidable obstacles to labour and locomotion. The route of the travellers lay from Lake Baikal to the upper waters of the Olenek, a stream running parallel with the lower course of the Lena, down the latter river almost to its mouth, and then back by the Lena to nearly the point from which they had started. They thus encompassed a considerable portion of Central Siberia, and their descriptions give a good idea of a region barren and monotonous upon a general survey, but, upon minute examination, yielding a copious store of interesting details. The geology is frequently curious, the botany rich and varied, while the operations of nature in general are always an instructive study. The Tungusian and Jakutian inhabitants are represented in an amiable, if not in a very interesting, light. If not intellectual, they are fairly intelligent, and perfectly susceptible of civilization. The travellers had their fair share of disappointments and minor misfortunes, and the hardships inseparable from winter travel in Siberia; on the whole, however, their tour was hardly eventful or adventurous. Part of it was performed by boat, part in sledges drawn by reindeer, and part on the backs of those animals, the difficulty in catching and harnessing which day by day is one of the traveller's greatest hindrances. Herr Müller takes a very favourable view of the capacities and prospects of Siberia, but admits that it must be colonized by Russians, and that Russians can only make good colonists by help of an amount of Government assistance and supervision which the Russian Government is at present unable to bestow. By much the most valuable class of men in Siberia at present are the Polish exiles, who have introduced civilization into the country, and done much to explore and ascertain its resources. Czekanowsky himself was one of them, and his untimely death by his own hand in a fit of melancholic depression is a great loss to Siberia and to science. The Nihilist exiles do mischief by becoming teachers in the schools, which the lax Russian administration is powerless to prevent. Indeed, the convicts seem subjected to little efficient discipline, and the roads are infested with runaways, many of whom perish miserably. Domestic service is chiefly in the hands of convicts; before engaging a man, it is always well to inquire whether he is a thief or a murderer, and choose the latter if he can be had.

A manual on the Christian catacombs, by Victor Schultze (5), is an able digest of the accessible information on this interesting subject, prepared with great clearness and impartiality. The author is already a recognized authority, and has decided opinions of his own on most of the points which have occasioned room for controversy. He is especially opposed to the theory that the artists of early Christian times wrought under the especial supervision of the ecclesiastical authorities. Christian art, he maintains, was essentially democratic, the free expression of the consciousness of the congregation; it was exempt from sacerdotal influence, and concerned itself but slightly with the expression of dogma. At first the symbolism is almost entirely Pagan; but early in the second century specifically Christian symbols appear; Scripture scenes and personages adapted for pictorial representation become more and more frequent, and by the beginning of the third century little remains of the Pagan element except the general feeling and principle of classical art, from which the Christian artist never emancipated himself. Christian art, accordingly, could not avoid participation in the general decay, and became extinct with the classical art of which it was an offshoot. Herr Schultze's work is divided into several parts, successively treating of the Christian manner of interment in general, the construction of the catacombs, the development

(1) *Englische Verfassungsgeschichte*. Von Rudolf Gneist. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Briefe des Pfalzgrafen Johann Casimir, mit verwandten Schriftstücken*. Gesammelt und bearbeitet von F. von Bezold. Bd. I. München: Rieger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Japan's landwirthschaftliche und allgemeinwirthschaftliche Verhältnisse*. Nach eignen Beobachtungen dargestellt von Dr. Georg Liebscher. Jena: Fischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Unter Tungusen und Jakuten. Erlebnisse und Ergebnisse der Olenek Expedition*. Von Ferdinand Müller. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die Katakomben. Die altchristlichen Grabstätten*. Ihre Geschichte und ihre Monumente dargestellt von Victor Schultze. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

of early Christian art, the interior of the sepulchres, the inscriptions, and a particular account of catacombs actually extant at Rome, Naples, Alexandria, Cyrene, and other places. In general the study of Christian art tends to diminish the sharpness of contrast between the Christian and Pagan worlds, while in some respects there are unquestionable indications of a new order of thought, especially in the greater prominence accorded to woman. Some well-established facts are very interesting and significant. The Virgin Mary and the Crucifixion never appear until the fifth century; there are no representations of martyrdoms until the middle of the fourth; nor, with very rare exceptions in the case of baptism and matrimony, is there any representation of any religious rite or ceremony but the Communion.

An encyclopædia of theology, edited by Dr. Otto Zöckler (6), with the assistance of Harnack, Luthardt, and several other distinguished contributors, promises to be a valuable work. The first volume is a kind of theological bibliography, accompanied with treatises on Jewish history, geography, and antiquities. The treatment is thorough, without being prolix.

Herbart (7) has a name among metaphysicians, and the complete, chronologically arranged, and conscientiously accurate edition of his works by Karl Kehrbach will find readers. It is further recommended by the notice of him by his old university friend, Johann Smid, Burgomaster of Bremen. This was originally drawn up in 1842, but little use has hitherto been made of it for fear of offending Herbart's family. His parents, it appears, were ill-suited, the father Philistine and insignificant, the mother an energetic and formidable old lady, who on one occasion made no scruple of poisoning an invalid at his own desire. Herbart seems to have partaken of the character of both; he was in general dry, unimaginative, and wrapped in abstractions; yet he had a strong perception of the sublime, and anticipated posterity in his recognition of the genius of Beethoven.

The peculiarity of Dr. F. Bernhöft's treatise on the politics and jurisprudence of Regal Rome (8) is the constant parallel between these and the institutions of other nations of the Indo-European family. Dr. Bernhöft's style is clear, and his work interesting.

A treatise by G. H. Schneider (9) on the human will in the light of the Darwinian theory of evolution, and of the inherited instincts by the aid of which so much has been effected to reconcile the theories of intuition and experience, is an example of the important part now allotted to physiological research in psychological investigation. In psychology the author is a follower of Wundt; his ethics are optimistic and utilitarian.

The second part of Herr Laas's treatise on the idealistic and positivist systems of philosophy (10) is devoted to an examination of their ethics. By idealism in this department Herr Laas understands the philosophy which postulates an ideal standard of abstract right, and by positivism the philosophy whose sole standard is utility. He examines the former view at considerable length, especially as it is propounded in the writings of Plato and Kant, but only to reject it decidedly in favour of the second, the practical consequences of which, in its relation to modern society, are drawn out in the concluding chapters. There is little power or originality in Herr Laas's treatise; but, whether stating his own views or those of his opponents, it is a pattern of clear and impartial exposition.

Besides the continuations of the dictionaries of botany and materia medica, the most recent parts of the Encyclopædia of Natural Science (11), edited by Dr. Jäger and his colleagues, include the first part of a dictionary of chemistry by Professor Ladenburg and numerous collaborators.

The most attractive contribution to the *Rundschau* (12) is the continuation of the Norwegian novelist Kielland's "Schiifer Worse." Professor Haeckel's letters from Ceylon are also continued; and, if it cannot be said that they add much to our knowledge of natural history, they at all events depict with much vividness the impression produced upon a European traveller by the gorgeous aspects of tropical scenery. Herr Otto Hausner concludes his review of recent Polish belles-lettres. The unfortunate insurrection of 1862 has, he says, imparted a more serious character to Polish fiction since that period. Political and social questions are frequently the groundwork of novels. Jez, a pseudonym for Sigmund Milkowski, and Eliza Orzeszko, are mentioned as the most distinguished writers. The modern Polish dramatists are more remarkable for productiveness than for a high standard of art. Letters from a Prussian officer during the Baden and Palatinate campaign of 1849 give a lively picture of the operations, and pay

(6) *Handbuch der theologischen Wissenschaften in encyclopädischen Darstellung.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Otto Zöckler. Halbband 1. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *J. F. Herbart's sämtliche Werke.* In chronologischer Reihenfolge herausgegeben von K. Kehrbach. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Staat und Recht der Römischen Königszeit im Verhältniss zu verwandten Rechten.* Von Dr. F. Bernhöft. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Der menschliche Wille vom Standpunkte der neueren Entwicklungstheorien.* Von G. A. Schneider. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Idealismus und Positivismus. Eine kritische Auseinandersetzung.* Von Ernst Laas. Th. 2. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Encyclopædie der Naturwissenschaften.* Herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. G. Jäger, &c. Breslau: Treuwendt. London: Nutt.

(12) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. viii. Hft. 11. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

a high tribute to the military talents of the leader of the insurgents, Mieroslowski.

*Auf der Höhe* (13), as usual, is rich in stories, the most remarkable of which is the editor's own "Countess Soldan," and after that the other tales which illustrate the manners and condition of Eastern Europe. There are also an elaborate essay on the great glacial epoch by Carl Vogt, agreeing mainly with the views of Mr. Wallace, and an enthusiastic tribute to the memory of Darwin by the Italian professor Mantegazza.

(13) *Auf der Höhe. Internationale Revue.* Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 4. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Morgenstern. London: Nutt.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Price 6d.

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The WINTER SESSION will commence on Monday, October 2, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. HERBERT WATNEY, at 4 P.M.  
The Preliminary Examination is open to all persons who have matriculated, the other Examinations only to those who have studied in a College of the University.

The Two Brackenbury Prizes of £30 each, Sir Charles Clark's Prize, the Thompson Medal, the Treasurer's, Brodie, Acland, Pollock, Johnson, and General Proficiency Prizes, are open to all Students.  
The appointments of House-Physician and House-Surgeon, of which there are four, tenable each for one year, are awarded by competition, and no charge is made by the Governors of the Hospital for Board or Residence.  
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A Prospectus of the School, and further information, may be obtained by personal application between One and Three P.M., or by letter addressed to the DEAN at the Hospital.

**VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER.**  
SESSION 1882-3.

Preliminary, Intermediate, and Final Examinations for the Degrees of B.A. and B.Sc. will be held in the Owens College, in October next, commencing on the 4th.  
The Preliminary Examination is open to all persons who have matriculated, the other Examinations only to those who have studied in a College of the University.  
Persons desiring to Matriculate can do so by attending at the Registrar's Office in the Owens College, Manchester, between the hours of 11 A.M. and 1 P.M., on any day from October 2 to October 7, inclusive, or on any subsequent Tuesday in October.  
Copies of the Statutes and Regulations of the University will be forwarded on application.  
A. BENTLEY, Registrar.

**OWENS COLLEGE (VICTORIA UNIVERSITY), MANCHESTER.**

SESSION 1882-83.

I.—DEPARTMENT OF ARTS AND LAW.

II.—DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING.

The SESSION will open in these Departments on Tuesday, October 3. Students will be admitted on and after Wednesday, September 27. Candidates for admission must not be under fourteen years of age, and those under sixteen will be required to pass an Entrance Examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin, to be held on September 29.

III.—DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

The SESSION will open on Monday, October 2. Students are required before entering to have passed one of the Preliminary Examinations prescribed by the General Medical Council.

IV.—EVENING CLASSES.

The SESSION will open on Monday, October 3. New Students will be admitted on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday preceding, between 5.30 and 9 P.M.

SEVERAL ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS are offered for Competition at the beginning of the Session, in Classics, Greek Testament, Mathematics, English, and History; and also a DAUNTESY MEDICAL SCHOLARSHIP, value £100.

Prospectuses of the several Departments may be obtained at Mr. CORNISH'S, Piccadilly and at other Booksellers in Manchester, and they will be forwarded from the College on application.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.**

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will begin on Monday, October 2. The SESSION of the FACULTIES of ARTS and LAWS and of SCIENCE, will begin on October 3.

Instruction is provided for Women in all subjects taught in the Faculties of Arts and LAWS and of Science.  
Prospectuses, and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, &c. (value about £2,000), may be obtained from the College, Gower Street, W.C.

The Examination for the Entrance Exhibitions will be held on September 27 and 28. The SCHOOL for BOYS will RE-OPEN on September 26.

The College is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

**UNIVERSITY HALL, GORDON SQUARE.—This Hall** of RESIDENCE for STUDENTS of UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London, will be RE-OPENED in October. Professors of the College will give advice and aid to Students in the Hall.—For rent of Rooms apply to the PRINCIPAL, PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY, or to Mr. HARRY BROWN, University College, Gower Street, W.C.